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THE NEW REPUBLIC

April 2, 1977 Price 75 cents

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TRB

from Washington ®
April 2, 1977

Get Out the Vote

Old Roger Sherman had the right idea at the constitutional convention: the common people, he said, "should have as little to do as may be about the government. They want information, and are constantly liable to be misled." So they set up the Electoral College in Philadelphia in 1787 to safeguard America from the common people. We honor our Founding Fathers; lean, sharp-nosed Sherman was a Founding Father; he must have been right. We have been celebrating bicentennial forebears—men like John Jay who declared, "the people who own the country ought to govern it." What are Vice President Mondale and President Carter and Sen. Birch Bayh doing now, proposing to abolish the sacred college? Mondale had the audacity to quote his boss as saying, "The history of our Republic from the earliest days has been the removal of arbitrary and unjustified barriers to citizen participation in elections." Ha! Tell that to FF Sherman, FF Jay, *et al*. The vote was too precious to pass around, they thought 190 years ago.

President Carter picked Fritz Mondale as his agent in transmitting the sweeping proposals for election reform to Congress, and the relationship between the two men deserves to be noted and explored. It is an important fact in the city. The cordiality between Carter and Mondale is one of the nicest things in Washington. The vice presidency is among the toughest jobs on earth. Who can be a successful spare tire? What did William A. Wheeler think of Rutherford B. Hayes? What did Garret A. Hobart do for William McKinley? But Fritz Mondale (formerly one of the best men in the Senate) seems to be having influence on the inexperienced Carter administration and boy, how they need it.

The two enjoy each other. At the glamorous Gridiron Club dinner here the other night, with the distinguished audience in rented white ties and tails, and the Marine band smashing out patriotic marches, the two put on, straight-faced, what turned out to be the best skits of the show. Mondale explained that he was really the big shot of the administration and argued that this could be deduced from available evidence. He was surprised that the unobservant press had not caught on to it. After the Inaugural, he asked, which of them rode down from the Capitol in a limousine, and which walked? As the audience laughed, he continued: which of them carried his own luggage?

Mondale cited other examples: he was the one who traveled to Paris, London and Rome, wasn't he, while the President went to humdrum places like Pittsburgh, Springfield and Charleston, West Virginia. Yes, explained Mondale with mock gravity, he went to London and stayed with the Queen at Buckingham Palace while the President was staying with a beer distributor at Clinton, Massachusetts.

It was funny enough, but more important was the evidence that the Carter administration can laugh at itself. This is very welcome news in this born-again, you-all atmosphere. Mondale went on to explain, straight-faced, that the Ford administration was sometimes criticized for devoting its breakfasts to foreign policy; the Carter administration has arranged things better, he said, it has a new foreign policy for every breakfast.

Mondale paused at this point to say that he had just received a note; a note—ah—that told him that he must turn in his limousine at 11. . .. Does that include the suit, too, Mr. President? he asked artlessly.

Yes, it was funny. The Carter speech was good, too. And now we come back to affairs of state and the White House message last week about election reform which Carter told Congress "the Vice President and I have developed."

The extent of the Mondale participation we don't know, but between the two of them they have come through with an important, substantial legislative recommendation: nothing less than to bring the US into line with every other developed democracy on earth by putting the onus of voting registration on the government, not the citizen. Also, by constitutional amendment they propose to abolish the Electoral College.

The percentage of Americans who vote is "a disgrace and scandal, with shockingly low voter participation," Mondale told the press last week. Less

(continued on page 38)

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Consumer Reports thinks you should know:

How good is the bologna in that sandwich?

Of the 35 brands and varieties of bologna tested by *Consumer Reports* for quality, *nine* were rated Poor or Very Poor for taste. The samples, bought in food stores, were either rancid or showed beginning signs of rancidity.

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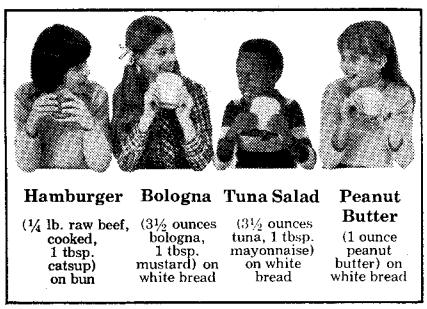
How does the bologna sandwich compare with the others?



Hamburger	Bologna	Tuna Salad	Peanut Butter
(¼ lb. raw beef, cooked, 1 tbsp. catsup) on bun	(3½ ounces bologna, 1 tbsp. mustard) on white bread	(3½ ounces tuna, 1 tbsp. mayonnaise) on white bread	(1 ounce peanut butter) on white bread

The bologna sandwich earned our lowest vote of confidence.

Consumer Reports explored this in detail in its impartial article on bologna, "How Good is the Bologna in that Sandwich?"

Here's how bologna stacked up against the other three sandwich foods... (1) Highest in cost-per-ounce of protein (2) Highest in fats and calories. The bologna sandwich, in fact, was over *four* times as expensive as the cheapest sandwich—peanut butter—at the prices prevailing when we made our test. What's more, bologna contains a potentially harmful additive called sodium nitrite.

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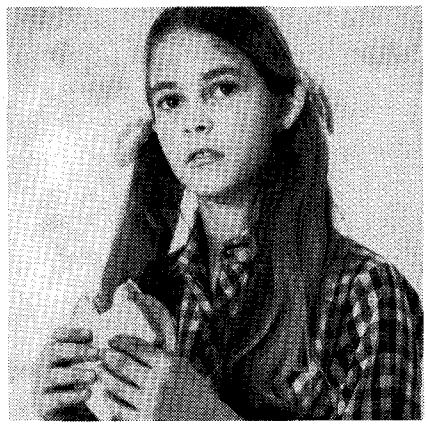

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3. Bounty may be a "quicker picker upper" than lower-priced paper towels. But you may be able to handle most of your clean-up jobs with the cheapest towel you can find.

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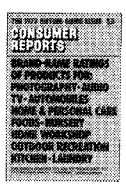

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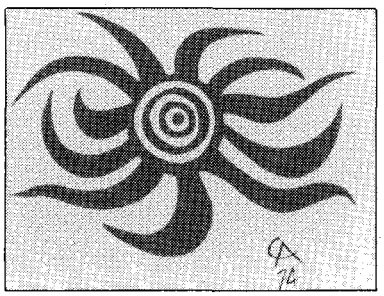

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

April 2, 1977

Good News From India

After a chat with Indira Gandhi in New Delhi last month Miz Lillian Carter observed that Mrs. Gandhi wasn't as bad as she had expected. Many Americans will now be making similar remarks following Mrs. Gandhi's spectacular defeat at the polls this week. Mrs. Gandhi has had the decency to lose an election, and for that she must be thanked.

The election is historic. Ever since independence in 1947, the Congress Party has ruled India at the center. Opposition parties have gained control of individual states but have never come close to challenging Congress's grip on central power. Now a new coalition of parties, hastily assembled in a few weeks by leaders fresh from jail, has decisively crushed Mrs. Gandhi's Congress Party.

Mrs. Gandhi's father, Jawaharlal Nehru, devoted his life to nurturing parliamentary democracy in India. Mrs. Gandhi tried to repress it, but she accomplished something Nehru never could. By losing an election she has gained an impressive victory for Indian democracy. Because of her defeat and resignation, India has now for the first time seen power passed peacefully from one national political party to another. Nehru was so expert and eloquent, so popular and dynamic, that his opponents despaired. Nehru's daughter is an awkward public speaker who shunned parliamentary give and take, and proved ineffective at inspiring loyalty. She is a good political in-fighter but a poor leader. She first intimidated her cabinet colleagues, then aroused their annoyance and finally provoked many of them into spirited opposition. When she then tried to use the formal powers of the state to quell personal criticism, this only made things worse. As one old political associate after another departed, she was forced to rely increasingly on her son Sanjay and the efficient civil service.

"India is Indira, Indira is India," went the slogan. Indira was not India any more than Nixon was the United States. She, like Nixon, assaulted the constitution of her country and lost. India was convulsed for almost two years because one politician wanted to hold onto office. Mrs. Gandhi was interested in retaining personal power, not driven by a vision of a transformed political and social order. She clamped on controls and laughed at the opposition and proceeded to bide her time. No new terrorist regime was instituted. All her arbitrary actions were carefully cloaked in constitutional language. When the time seemed right, she removed the controls and called an election. She hoped that two good harvests and an improved outlook for industry would inspire gratitude. But India had been waiting also, and Indira's great gamble failed.

To her credit, her decision was not half-hearted. The woman who in 1971 invaded East Pakistan to liberate Bangladesh, and then called an election to capitalize on that military success, is not timorous. She released her political prisoners and let them speak freely through an uncensored press. Her former prisoners were, as it developed, surprisingly polite about the way they had been treated. They voiced more complaints about the way they had seen ordinary criminals being brutalized in Indian jails than about the treatment they themselves had received. In the British tradition, Indira's opponents were dealt with as a privileged class of inmates. Nehru wrote most of his books while comfortably housed in British

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jails; those with experience of British jails found little difference when Indira locked them up.

Last week in the wake of the landslide victory of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto in elections in neighboring Pakistan, violent protests erupted and troops had to be called out to suppress public outcries against flagrant election abuses. Many expected even less heartening news from India, for Bhutto's regime had been relatively popular while Mrs. Gandhi has ruled harshly for the past year and a half. But even though few observers predicted correctly that Mrs. Gandhi would lose, most people familiar with India's past elections took it for granted that this election would be conducted honestly. Indian elections invariably have been remarkably correct performances, considering the country's size and diversity. Unlike the United States where ballots even for federal offices are counted by local officials, India has a Central Election Commission that administers elections. Local polling is supervised by federal civil servants. And India's civil service continues to be one of the world's most self-reliant. India's civil and military services have worked for Mrs. Gandhi, but they are not her creatures. Nor are they fearful for their jobs under the new successor government, for the coalition that won this week's election is led by well known former congressmen. Both of the principal figures in the new government have held important cabinet posts in past Congress governments. Morarji Desai has served as deputy prime minister, Jagjivan Ram as a central cabinet minister for an unparalleled 30 consecutive years. Their names may be new to the American public, but they are almost boringly familiar to the Indian public. The two of them may prove to be well paired. Ram, the wily dispenser of patronage to his fellow untouchables, will balance the sternly moralistic Desai. Predictability will be a welcome change after Gandhi's fondness for unpleasant surprises.

So Indira wasn't so bad after all. Tyrants don't lose elections. All that time when her opponents were languishing in jail and the press was muzzled, she really was sincere as she protested that she hoped soon to reinstate fair elections and free speech. Mrs. Gandhi is an admirer of the Soviet Union. She no doubt envied the good order she saw in Moscow. But she also harbored the democratic politician's desire to be loved.

So Indira wasn't so destructive after all. She didn't "kill democracy," as Americans familiar with the pattern of other countries assumed. When the lid was lifted, an old-fashioned, free-swinging Indian election took place. Even Indians were a bit startled. It took a few weeks for them to believe that their liberties really had been restored. The election was slow getting underway. But when Jagjivan Ram defected to the opposition, things quickly livened up. People knew if a clever political analyst like Ram thought the opposition had a chance, maybe it did. The newspapers began printing strenuous criticism of the government—just like old times.

Mrs. Gandhi claimed to be saving democracy in India and holding back anarchy by her constitutional manipulations. In reality she was only trying to hold onto office. Indira was the only issue in this election. But that issue had become very important. The repressive rule of one isolated, beleaguered politician will now be replaced by a more open collaborative style of government. The damage done to the constitution can be quickly remedied. The new ruling coalition is only loosely held together, but the extraordinary excitement generated by the transfer of power will make it easier for them to govern effectively than it was for Gandhi and her hot-tempered son.

Indira's successors will not significantly alter India's foreign or domestic policies. The new regime will favor private industry and be somewhat more polite to the United States. But Indira's socialism is not really too different from Morarji's conservatism. And Jagjivan Ram will be there as before extending still further his uninterrupted record of office-holding. India may eventually want more progressive policies, but for the moment freedom will suffice.

The Bogus Order of Merit

Joseph Califano, Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, let the cat out of the bag last week, when he said he favors preferential treatment for blacks and women in employment and academic admissions policies. In renewing the debate over these preferential practices, he also clarified it. We no longer will be waylaid by arguments over the difference between "affirmative action" and "reverse discrimination," or between "goals" and "quotas." Califano has abandoned these well established subterfuges, and admitted what is patently the case: to the extent that the federal government controls or can influence the sifting and sorting of individual lives in our hierarchical society, it has abandoned the traditional standard of merit as its exclusive ordering principle.

Califano is in for it now. (No wonder he prefers a nice quiet lunch in the privacy of his executive dining room.) The policy he has explicitly endorsed probably is the leading cause of the mass intellectual migration to the right of recent years, which goes by the name of neoconservatism. This policy has devalued the currency with which the academics and social-welfare professionals who are his department's most valuable clients have purchased their positions in the American elite. These people have lived on "merit" accumulated under the old order, and prudently invested in merit futures for their children. Now they find that the

(continued on page 9)

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Correspondence

Proper deportment

To the editors:

My attention has been belatedly drawn to "Booted from Britain" by Donald Katz in your December 11 issue. It makes the remarkable suggestion that a petition from the Association of American Correspondents in London could save Philip Agee and Mark Hosenball from deportation.

In response to a call from Katz, who represented himself as your London correspondent and a concerned member, I sought the views of several in the Association, including some on the Executive Board. All opposed a petition for various reasons. Mine, as I told Katz, was simple. I believe a reporter is most effective reporting and analyzing the news for publication, including the news of the lack of due process afforded Agee and Hosenball, and that a reporter's credibility is weakened by empty political gestures. Unfortunately, Katz did not see fit to report this in his tendentious account.

Bernard D. Nossiter
London Correspondent
The Washington Post

Protectionism

To the editors:

Temporarily increased protection for US imports of certain goods using unskilled labor such as textiles and footwear, proposed by H. Peter Gray ("Rethinking Free Trade," *TNR*, March 19), is a refined "beggar my unskilled neighbor" argument, under the guise of "adjustment" to inexorable international forces. Every country has lesser-skilled labor. To begin "temporary" protection of unskilled labor may soon lead to a pattern of reciprocal protection of unskilled labor similar to that now so familar in agricultural commodities.

Fundamentally, a high wage country as the US has no business competing with low wage countries in labor-intensive goods such as textiles. Protection merely prolongs an internationally inefficient industry at high cost, while impeding the domestic mobility of labor—the ultimate solution.

Far better would be a temporary subsidy for the employment of lesser-skilled labor directly (rather than a subsidy to specific industries), while labor market adjustments to lesser-skilled unemployment operate. Subsidies have not the consumption costs (through distorted international prices) of tariffs and quotas. They also diminish the waves of reciprocal protectionism that are sure to arise.

H. Bart Myers
Rutgers University

Israeli Theocracy

To the editors:

Morton Kondracke's analysis of Israeli political rot ("Israel's Mr. Clean," *TNR*, Feb. 26) overlooks one important result of the process of forming governing majorities without real parliamentary pluralities.

Throughout Israel's existence, the Labor party (or its predecessor, Mapai) has been forced into coalitions with Orthodox parties to gain a Knesset majority. The price of consent from these theocrats has always been the retention of their theocratic power, which derives from Ottoman law because neither the British mandatory power nor the Israeli "socialist" coalitions have dared to alter it. The Turks proclaimed that each religious community should be self-governing in the Imperial Irade of 1329 after the Haj. The British recodified this in the Religious Communities Ordinance of 1926 and it has remained so.

For the Jewish community, this means that there is only one sanctioned form of Judaism—Orthodoxy—only one rabbinate—the Orthodox—and only one set of courts to decide inheritance, divorce, adoption or the right to marry—the Orthodox.

The basis of the religious courts is not in Israeli law but in the King's Order-in-Council of 1922, for Israel has no constitution to protect the rights of dissenters. Thus, Israel made it possible for my step-brother to be refused burial as a Jew. Thus Israel has forced many of its young people to fly to Cyprus to be married. Thus Israel has not allowed eminent rabbis such as Abba Hillel Silver of Cleveland, who did much to make Israel possible, to officiate at a wedding.

Is it any wonder that there are more Israelis, ex-Israelis and ex-Palestinian Jews and their progeny living in the United States than the number of Israelis who have come from the so-called Anglo-Saxon nations? Once exposed to religious freedom, Jews do not want to live in Israeli theocracy, either.

Stephen G. Esrati
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

The Selzer Case

To the editors:

I have read with considerable interest the sensitive article by Diane Ravitch, "Brouhaha in Brooklyn" (*TNR*, Mar. 12), concerning the case of Professor Selzer and his involvement with the CIA.

Since I am mentioned in the article in a rather significant way, and inaccurately at that, I should like to correct the facts concerning my position as stated by Ms. Ravitch. Prof. Selzer spoke with me in late May 1976 stating that he had received a call from the CIA and asked

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me for advice about speaking with them. I replied that I had no objections to his talking with them and I cautioned him with the simple phrase "be careful."

The sequence of events as mentioned in the article simply is incorrect in respect to Professor Selzer's discussion with me. In checking his diary Professor Selzer has confirmed the fact that he spoke to me before his meeting with the CIA representative. At that time, I was unaware of what the CIA wanted from Professor Selzer and the term "debriefing" never came up. Our conversation simply involved considering what the CIA might want. However Professor Selzer may have interpreted his conversation with me, in no way could our conversation be construed as my having sanctioned, as Department Chairman, Professor Selzer's involvement with the CIA nor of my having no objections to his being "debriefed" by them.

Albert Gorvine
Brooklyn College

On the bandwagon

To the editors:
I subscribe to *The New Republic* and an array of other quality opinion journals, and I have long noted that your journal is marked by the high quality of its prose, something rare in magazines of the left. Also, your reviews of books, films and TV productions are excellent.

But I have often been disgusted by what appears to be your magazine's determination to keep up its leftish bias in reportage, no matter what violence this does to truth, facts and "the way things are." In other words, you have shown no inclination, as, say, *Commentary* has shown in the last couple of years to change any of your positions when there came to be overwhelming evidence that your earlier assessments of things had been wrong.

But now your coverage of the Michael Selzer firing at Brooklyn College, as written by Diane Ravitch, changes this whole picture. I know nothing about the Brooklyn College affair, but I do know that for years now, in colleges and universities where I have been, highly competent professors have been savaged brutally by left-leaning members of their departments who acted conspiratorially against them, often for no more reason than the professors' being "somewhat conservative."

The press has to date, in what appears to be a conspiracy of silence, pretended not to know of these goings-on. If *TNR* is beginning to speak out, then I praise your editors for that. And I begin to revise my opinion of your magazine.

Barbara Nauer
Loyola University
New Orleans, Louisiana

It's Bloom in verse

Incident At the Gate

A poet of avowed ambition
applies discreetly for admission.
A Presence gathers in the gloom.
"Begone!" growls Guardian Harold Bloom.

"I only want a small position
within the manifold Tradition."
"I'm sorry, but there isn't Room,"
propounds Custodian Harold Bloom.

"But here's a bona fide petition!
You can't withhold your recognition . . ."
"That's something one should not presume,"
pontificates the Pontiff Bloom.

"The Devil take your Sacred Mission!
Go cram your stuffy Exhibition!"
"We now consign you to your Doom,"
intones Pantocrator Harold Bloom.

Bruce Bennett
Wells College

The UN that could be

To the editors:
E.N. Luttwak's formulation ("The Third Alternative," *TNR*, Feb. 26) of three successive approaches to US foreign policy after World War II, namely unilateral, balance-of-power, and world order is interesting and accurate in some respects. However, there are significant gaps. It is worth recalling that Presidents Truman and Eisenhower were fairly strong supporters of the United Nations. When confronted with the Korean problem, Truman went to the UN. President Eisenhower, when asked to intervene in the Congo, opted for UN involvement. Both crises were resolved with a measure of success. Subsequent presidents avoided the UN in key foreign policy matters, with tragic results, as illustrated by Viet Nam and the backfiring of some CIA maneuvers.

Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy promoted through the UN general and complete disarmament and approached that goal in the joint US-Soviet statement of September 1961. A year later President Kennedy submitted to the Geneva Disarmament Conference a three-stage program calling for gradual disarmament policed by a UN Peace Force. President Carter's call for a world order foreign policy is not untried. Nor, in my judgment is it bound to revert to unilateralism and balance of power, as Luttwak assures us. President Carter has pledged to make our dangerous world a safer place by curbing the arms race, eliminating nuclear weapons and reforming and restructuring the United Nations so it can effectively prevent war among and between nations.

Eric Cox
Campaign for UN Reform
Washington, DC

What's wrong

To the editors:
Regarding "Puritan's Revenge," (*TNR*, Mar. 12): I think the essence of the article is the statement, "Certainly wanting more is *not* evidence of a flawed moral character" (emphasis mine).

More than $57,000, I would suggest, per year, *is* excessive and indicates greed and therefore is immoral and is behind most of the problems in our society.

Walter C. Kahn
Aptos, California

Thanks but no thanks

To the editors:
TRB in the March 5th issue deserves a pat on the back and a "well done" from us stay-at-homes out here in the hinterland. At least he seems to think so.

No offense, TRB, but I am not really sure that the press should be my 'surrogate' when it comes to keeping in touch with the President. You see, I don't know you very well. Can I trust you to always ask the right questions?

And please, TRB, don't worry too much about us folks getting bored. It doesn't take much to entertain us. If the Carter administration should suffer a case of over-exposure, the fault may very well lie with the camera.

Cary Walker
Worthington, Minnesota

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merit they have socked away won't buy what it used to, because exotic groups with monopolies on other commodities are making society pay more for these. Quite right they are angry.

The Supreme Court has agreed to decide this term whether reverse or "benign" discrimination by government violates the equal protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment of the United States Constitution. This clause has been the basis for almost all the great civil rights decisions of the past 25 years. The case involves a white male denied admission to a University of California medical school, who was better qualified by traditional standards than those admitted under a special minority admissions program. (Three years ago the Court dismissed as moot a similar case involving the University of Washington law school: the student had been admitted pending the result of the lawsuit, and by the time it reached the Supreme Court he had almost graduated.) *TNR* contributing editor Nathan Lewin has argued before the Supreme Court, and argues in these pages (see "Trivializing Discrimination" on page 19 of this issue), that any consideration of race or other suspect classifications in a government action is unconstitutional, however benign the purpose. Other distinguished legal scholars, such as John Hart Ely of Harvard and Ronald Dworkin of Oxford, take the opposite view. There are formidable minds on both sides of the constitutional debate, and no doubt they will resolve it in precisely the way the authors of the amendment 100 years ago had in mind. But even if minority preference programs are ruled unconstitutional because they impermissibly take factors like race into account, this will not mean that the triumph of "merit" is a constitutionally protected right.

The most common argument in support of preferential treatment for minorities and women is that there are many other deviations from the meritocratic principle of social selection. Colleges give preference to athletes and alumni children, to those who live in-state or those who live far away. Government agencies promote from within rather than hire from without. Inherited wealth may still improve one's opportunities somewhat. Most important, throughout our nation's past and in many circumstances today, those in charge of social promotion have deviated from the meritocratic principle to discriminate *against* women and minorities. All this is true, but the fault in this argument is that it concedes the basic point: that meritocracy is a principle of fairness to be valued for its own sake, and that only deviations from it need be justified.

What is this thing called "merit"? It is a shorthand concept that serves two important functions. First, it neatly sidesteps the debate over inherited vs. acquired excellence by avoiding buzz-words like "intelligence" and "ability." Second, it infuses these innate attributes (whatever their source) with a suggestion of moral worth which they do not logically deserve. Perhaps there are some members of the meritocratic elite who owe their exalted positions more to hard work and courage than to intelligence and imagination, but the former will do you very little good without the latter as well. In short, there is nothing especially meritorious about "merit."

Of course the meritocratic principle serves a basic goal of society, even if it is not one itself. As economists see it, society has two basic goals, which they label *efficiency* and *equity*. You want to produce as many of the good things in life as possible, and spread them around as fairly as possible. Meritocracy serves the *first* goal, efficiency. It *disserves* the second goal, equity or fairness. The only innately fair method of distributing the goodies in society would be to spread them around equally. The only innately fair system for filling positions of access to society's goodies—and what is a place in medical school if not that?—would be a lottery. But in order not to waste the energy of talented people on unimportant jobs, we create inequality and give the bigger shares to people with "merit"; if we're going to have doctors lording it over the rest of us, they might as well be the best possible doctors—that way (or so the theory goes), we're all better off. This is the meritocratic principle, and it has served the social goal of efficiency with some success. But it has nothing to do with fairness to those who benefit directly from it.

Perhaps gradual encroachments on the principle of meritocracy will erode the efficiency of our economy and make us all worse off, women and minorities included. But the theory doesn't really explain our attachment to the principle of meritocracy. This enormously powerful lever of social and economic standing is preserved because it serves the interests of those of us who have socked away bundles of "merit." The "meritorious," and their close kin, have a vested interest in the status quo. Before climbing on our high horses about departures from the merit principle, from meritocracy, we should examine our motives with care.

Let them eat wood.

ITT Branches Out

Like tapioca pudding, a great conglomerate is hard to hold still. Slipperiness is the essence of its charm. The International Telephone and Telegraph Company, with annual revenues of $11 billion, is one of the most successful conglomerates alive and one of the slipperiest. It became famous in the Nixon years for its versatility in handling political cash, both in Chile and the US. Its officials proved themselves adept at

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answering and yet not answering questions in Senate hearings. ITT escaped from those nets and now it is growing and spawning new schemes. The latest example is ITT's delightfully indeterminate new "bread product" called "Fresh Horizons." The reason it is a bread product and not simply bread is more complex than you might guess. ITT's business once was almost exclusively electronics, but now it has other tentacles, including a bakery called ITT Continental and a Canadian timber company called Rayonier. ITT Continental bakes puffy marvels like Wonder Bread and Hostess Twinkies. Rayonier makes lumber and wood pulp. The layman might not immediately see the connection between baking and lumber milling, and that's why he is a layman. ITT executives are more creative. Fresh Horizons, the bread product that ITT introduced on the market last summer, represents a tremendous conceptual breakthrough: it combines baking and lumbering. Actually, according to the Food and Drug Administration's definition, Fresh Horizons isn't bread at all because, by weight, it's 53 percent water and wood pulp. That is why ITT calls it a bread product or sometimes a "special formula bread" and charges 10 cents a loaf more for it than for other bread. The label used in supermarkets mentions only that the bread contains non-nutritive crude fiber, which is also listed as "powered cellulose."

When ITT launched this new foodstuff last year in New York, Randall Hackett, an advertising and marketing executive, announced that the company would spend five million dollars on promotion—an "unprecedented" amount, he said, for a bakery product. Other executives and some scientists who'd done research at ITT's expense explained to the gathered reporters that Fresh Horizons was less fattening and healthier than ordinary bread. "It may be the most important breakthrough in bread technology since the industry began enrichment of white bread," ITT said, because each serving has 30 percent fewer calories and 400 percent more fiber than true bread. Part of the multi-million-dollar advertising budget paid for double-page color ads in medical journals that reach 400,000 health care professionals; the ads described the beneficial qualities of high-fiber foods and urged the doctors to write in for an educational pamphlet. ITT suggested that eating roughage (in this case, wood pulp) would help in preventing serious diseases such as ischemic heart disease, diverticular disease, diabetes, deep vein thrombosis, varicose veins and colon cancer. When the Food and Drug Administration saw this, it ordered the company to stop selling what amounted to an unregistered new drug, or else stop making the medical claims. ITT did the latter. That was the end of the good-health advertising.

Then the Federal Trade Commission began looking at the diet propaganda. This was not the first time ITT has gotten into trouble for misleading diet claims in bread ads. In 1971 the FTC ordered the company to stop advertising a product called "Profile" as a diet bread. Television ads showed a slender woman and asked, "How do some women stay so slender and young looking?" The answer ITT gave: "Many follow the Profile Bread Plan. Thirty minutes before lunch and dinner eat two slices of Profile bread toasted or plain. Like any good protein-carbohydrate food, Profile helps curb your appetite . . . helps prolong your slender years."

This was misleading, the FTC ruled, for two reasons. First, Profile was not less fattening than ordinary bread—just sliced thinner. Second, the FTC pointed out, it is impossible to lose weight by eating bread and thus wrong to sell bread as an aid to dieting. ITT went off in a sulk and obeyed the rule for a time. Then in July 1976, as it was launching Fresh Horizons, ITT returned to the commission asking for permission to go back to advertising the Big Lie, arguing a changed condition of fact: Fresh Horizons, unlike Profile, actually does have fewer calories than regular bread. While the FTC was trying to decide what to do, the company forged ahead, violated the rule and started selling diet bread again.

In support of its claims, ITT submitted to the FTC a pile of "scientific data" produced by several doctors hired by ITT to prove that Fresh Horizons helps you lose weight. Suffice it to say that the work was not a model of empirical research. Here are some excerpts, ripped cruelly out of context, from letters the research clinicians wrote to their contacts at ITT. In the first, Dr. Olaf Mickelson at Michigan State patiently explained to his funding sources why he was having trouble getting girls in a dormitory to eat 12 slices of wood pulp every day:

> *A number of girls who originally indicated they were eager to lose weight have dropped from the study for a variety of reasons. One of the more interesting explanations given by some of the students for their dropping the program has been that they were convinced that bread is fattening and that it will not produce a weight reduction. This misconception seems to exist despite the fact that they have talked with some of the other students who have lost weight on this program. Dr. Makdani has pointed out that one of the major stumbling blocks to using the girls in the dormitory is that they have the unconscious feeling, and in some cases have expressed this to him, that since they are paying for their food they might just as well get as much of the "good food" as possible before eating the bread. One girl admitted that she had cached away in her room 26 slices of bread that she had not eaten. . . .*
>
> *[A] few of the girls have complained of flatulence and one or two have commented on the fact that the bread seemed to produce a feeling of heaviness in their abdominal area . . . .*

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Dr. P. J. Palumbo of the Mayo Clinic also had trouble giving ITT the statistics it wanted:

> *Enclosed is a report . . . . Results are not quite as dramatic as had been reported by others using the high fiber bread, since we were not able to really get a marked weight reduction in these patients . . . . If you are interested in setting up studies which would utilize the high fiber diet in massively obese individuals over a long period of time, we might be able to work out a protocol provided that funding might be available for such a study.*

After seven months of pondering the issue, the FTC staff told the commission that ITT should be made to stop advertising Fresh Horizons as a diet bread. The recommendation was presented in a crisp memorandum last month signed by the acting director of the bureau of consumer protection, Margery Waxman Smith. According to the memo, nutrition experts consulted by the FTC unanimously said that ITT's tests were not competently conducted and that the data raised "serious questions about the potential health hazards involved in feeding humans substantial amounts of processed wood pulp." Moreover, the staff said, ITT had engaged in sleazy advertising once again: "The deceptive practice . . . is ITT's comparing 'Fresh Horizons' favorably to white and whole wheat breads, without also disclosing the fact that the only thing special about 'Fresh Horizons' as a dietary product is that much of the wheat has been removed from it and replaced with wood pulp and extra water. With 'Profile' bread the consumer received less bread *qua* bread than he expected; with 'Fresh Horizons' he also gets less bread *qua* bread than he expects. In fact, the consumer gets something in each slice that he is not likely ever to have expected—powdered wood pulp." Soon the FTC will decide whether or not to accept the staff's recommendation. The Canadians already have decided not to let ITT's wood pulp bread into their country. But we know from the saccharin episode what finicky eaters they are.

Eliot Marshall

What are they up to?

Cubans in Africa

Last summer Captain Manuel Abdalla of Santiago de Cuba sat in the sunlight outside the once-gleaming glass tower of the Hotel Presidente in Luanda, Angola and explained with disarming openness the Cubans' intentions in Africa.

"Good?" this swarthy, square-shouldered construction engineer exclaimed to me. "Of course, we feel good! We won. Wherever they need us, we'll go—we're going to liberate all of Africa."

Now, some of this can be dismissed as overenthusiasm or hyperbole. But the dozens of Cubans I talked to in Angola all said the same thing. Despite Premier Fidel Castro's promises of troop withdrawals, virtually none have been withdrawn; and Cuban influence in Africa is gaining as never before.

Now, nine months after those conversations in Angola, we have what appears to be the next step—the odd mercenary invasion of the old Katanga province of Zaire. Suddenly, 1500 or 2000 or 5000 (nobody really knows) of the old Katangan troops of Moishe Tshombe have crept out of the highlands of Angola, reminding us that the songs of the past are still being sung and posing the threat of possible further Cuban expansionism.

Are the Cubans indeed behind this weird and undocumented "invasion" of Zaire? Are the Angolans? Or is it simply another of those border and tribal wars which are endemic all over Africa? Most important, what *are* the real Cuban intentions in Africa?

At least through the fourth day of the invasion, there was no hard evidence that Cuban troops or officers actually were with the Katangans—despite Zairean military reports of white, Spanish-speaking officers participating. Castro himself said on March 21 while visiting Tanzania, "I want to assure you that there is not a single Cuban involved. We have nothing to do with it all and we have not equipped nor trained the forces which are fighting the ruling clique in Zaire." Castro had announced his post-Angola policy on such matters in his Bay of Pigs speech in April 1976. On this anniversary occasion Castro said Cuban forces would not threaten any Latin American country, regardless of ideology; and would not threaten any black African government.

Yet it is difficult to believe that the Angolans and the Cubans did not play at the very least a backup role in the Katangan invasion. Strangely enough, virtually all US analysts have persistently and carelessly overlooked the Cuban role in Africa. Cuban involvement in Africa goes back a full *18* years—to 1959, the very year of the Castro revolution, when the Cubans sent medical teams, men and even arms to Algeria, the Congo and Guinea. From the very beginning, revolutionary Cuba, whose population is one-quarter black, has been as eager to foment revolution in Africa as in Latin America. In the 1960s Cuba trained Latin American guerrillas for direct attacks on various Latin American governments. Five thousand Latins went through Cuban guerrilla-training camps in those years. But the policy failed miserably in most cases, evoking a rightist and chauvinistic backlash. Africans also were being trained, but in far lesser numbers.

When Che Guevara left Cuba in 1965, in agony over his economic failures, he went first—before other Latin American countries—to Africa, to hypo the

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African revolution. Ironically, he chose Katanga. As related in Mohamed Hassenein Heikal's book, *The Cairo Papers*, Che Told Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser, "I think I shall go to the Congo because it is the hottest spot in the world now. . . . I think we can hurt the imperialists at the core of their interests in Katanga." Nasser was astonished at this white revolutionary guru from across the seas. "I don't want to interfere," Nasser told him, according to Heikal, "but if you want to become another Tarzan, a white man coming among black men, leading them and protecting them. . .you will be giving the imperialists the chance to say there is no difference between you and most mercenaries." Che naturally did not take Nasser's advice—and he failed badly. Indeed, Eldridge Cleaver has written since his return from Cuba and Africa, that Che was deliberately pulled out of the Congo by Fidel, via "secret code." He quotes Ange Diawara, the political commisar of the army of Congo Brazzaville, the tiny, leftist-governed jumping-off for Che at the estuary of the Congo river, as saying, "We had a farewell reception for Che in Brazzaville, which I organized. It was a very sad occasion. Che had tears in his eyes. We knew that the African revolution had been betrayed by decisions taken in Moscow, Washington, Cairo and Havana."

In the 1960s the Soviet Union wasn't interested in fomenting revolution in Africa, but in the 1970s it is. It was the Soviets who put the Cubans back on the track. From 1969 on, the Soviets convinced, cajoled and simply forced the Cubans to give up the idea of direct revolution in Latin America and to play a broader, more inclusive and more intelligent game. Now, the Cubans not only have accepted but actually have wooed military regimes like Peru's. Meanwhile, on the other side of the ocean, Africa in the 1970s offered brilliant new possibilities of quick return on insurrectionist investment. As the Portugese empire fell apart, Portugese Communist military officers like the "red admiral," Alva Rosa Coutinho, virtually gave Luanda to the Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola. The MPLA then invited the Cubans in to help defeat the two pro-Western black Angolan movements. It is widely accepted that the Cubans were on the brink of losing Angola to the South African troops when the South Africans and American money were withdrawn. Even the officially approved Cuban version of the Angola war, written by the Colombian novelist, Garbiel Garcia Marquez, admits this. But in winning, the Cubans took a gigantic step forward in their long African march.

And then, Zaire: 905,562 square miles, with a population of Bantu tribesmen in excess of 26 million; a flamboyant chief of state, Lt. Gen. Mobutu Sese Seko Kuku Ngbendu Wa Za Banga, who rules imperially through his political bureau; a corrupt army that receives half the US military aid to Africa. This country was the sanctuary for the MPLA's worst enemies during the Angola war. Moreover, there was this strange troop of Katangese mercenaries, leftovers from the past, who had fled the Congo when Tshombe was overthrown in 1966 after attempting to establish a separate Katanga state. It was another golden opportunity for the Cubans.

There is easy irony available. Seventy of us in the international press corps were allowed into Angola in June 1976 for the trials of 13 British and American mercenaries—trials that were allegedly intended to "end mercenaryism for all time." Nine months later, several thousand Katangans—mercenaries who had fought for the Belgians, for Tshombe, for the Portugese and finally for the MPLA—cross over into Zaire from that very Angola where mercenaryism was to be buried.

Since the Katangans are totally non-ideological, and since it defies the imagination to think that they could simply leave the tightly Marxist-controlled Angola without saying their farewells, the only realistic conclusion is that they were aided and encouraged by the Angolan-Cuban coalition. American correspondents on the Zairean side reported that there were Spanish-speaking white men among the insurgents who addressed one another as "camarada." These men could have been some of the 50,000 Portuguese left behind in Angola; "camarada" is a Portuguese term. But I heard Cubans in Angola using the term "camarada" in place of their usual "compañero." In any event there would be no *reason* for the Cubans or anyone else—however helpful they might wish to be—to actually join the Katangans in invading Zaire. The Katangans are a disciplined force and expertly trained, originally by Belgians and French. All they needed was Angolan permission to move—and there was every reason for the Angolans to applaud this double revenge.

Providentially, at the same moment, Castro himself was criss-crossing Africa like a Latino Henry Kissinger, palavering with Qaddafi in Libya, making the first visit of any chief of state to the new Marxist regime in Ethiopia, stopping up and down East Africa like an airline employee with an open ticket. Plodding immediately in his footsteps came the less glamorous president of the Soviet Union, Nikolai V. Podgorny. Western and also Middle Eastern diplomats in Africa now say unanimously in private that the Soviet Union and Cuba appear to have begun an attempt to eject American and Chinese influence from Africa, particularly the eastern shores. The Arabs see the Russians' interest in East Africa as an attempt to move northward into the moderate Arab bloc, where they have lost so much ground in the last few years. Positioning in the Red Sea obviously is also a crucial consideration for the Soviets. For the Cubans, Africa represents more the romance of the revolutionary

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past—finally reclaimed and justified.

Daniel Patrick Moynihan called the Cubans the "Gurkhas of the Russian empire." There are still 13,000 Cuban troops and 4000 advisers in Angola; 2000 soldiers in Congo Brazzaville; 200 to 300 in Sierra Leone; 300 to 500 in Guinea; 300 to 500 in Equatorial Guinea; 300 in Guinea-Bissau; 500 to 600 in Mozambique; 500 in Tanzania; 100 now in Uganda; and others everywhere from Somalia to Syria.

The principal difference between the Cuban aid program to Africa now and the way it was 10 years ago is that today it is mostly government-to-government and not, usually, government-to-insurgents; in effect, the Cubans have gone respectable—mostly. They do not send money. They send people, while the Soviets back them up with money. The Cuban regime places a high value on overseas service. Both military and civilian cadres get high political points for overseas service, both are rewarded by the Defense Ministry, and fully eight percent (a high figure) of the First Party Congress in Havana in 1975 had overseas service to their credit. There is little chance that this is going to change. Americans may wish to believe that third world communist regimes invariably mellow and lose their ideological fervor, but Cuba stands as proof of precisely the opposite. As one rough measure, the military's representation on the central committee of Cuba's 1975 Party Congress is three times higher than the Soviet Union's and higher than China's. When you include the reserves, which can be readied in 24 hours for battle in Cuba, the size of the Cuban army is not the US general estimate of 120,000 to 175,000, but probably as high as 321,500. Plenty of trained people to send everywhere.

It is realistic, therefore, to expect a regular pattern of Cuban involvement wherever in Africa the opportunity presents itself. But it is unlikely Cuba will again involve itself as massively as in Angola; better to stay across the borders, like the Cuban advisers training Rhodesian guerrilla in Mozambique.

Moreover, when you look closely at Castro's crucial Bay of Pigs speech of last year, it is clear that there are assurances he does *not* give. There are no assurances to the white governments of southern Africa; there are no assurances to the Arabic governments in the North; there are no assurances that he will not informally help selected insurgent groups; and there are no assurances he will not assist black African governments in power that he favors. And if anyone thinks that Fidel Castro will allow his mild desire to renew relations with the US to interfere with his nearly 20-year-old "mission" in Africa, that person does not understand the complex passions that drive Castro and the ongoing Cuban revolution.

Georgie Anne Geyer

Georgie Anne Geyer is a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times* syndicate.

White House Watch

Carter on Show

by John Osborne

President Carter showed and tested himself on three occasions, in three cities and in very different settings, on March 16 and 17. All of the occasions were contrived for him and there was something more than a little phony about two of them—a faked town meeting in Clinton, Massachusetts, and a faked General Assembly meeting at the United Nations in New York. But the President did well for himself and the country in all of the appearances and especially well at a serious, informative briefing on energy problems with state and local officials and interested parties ranging from coal and power company heads to conservationists in Charleston, West Virginia.

The first such trip during Jimmy Carter's presidency pointed up some revealing things about him. For all his talk of scaling down the visible presidency and his considerable efforts to that end, an armored black limousine and an armored, open "follow-up car" from the Secret Service fleet in Washington awaited the President and were used by him and his protectors at each stop. Both the danger inherent in exposure to random audience questions and Mr. Carter's skill at

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handling them were apparent in Clinton. In an evasive, deceptive answer when he was asked how he'd meet the costs of national health care, the President never used the term and fell back on the old dodge of equating present private costs with potential public costs to support his claim that "we can have good health care without spending much more money on it."

His and his staff's unease about public reaction to the presence in the White House mansion of two adult sons, their wives and a new grandchild was reflected when he brought up the subject in answer to a citizen who hadn't mentioned it. "I might say," the President volunteered, "that I found out at first hand when I got to the White House how much food costs were. We have to pay, of course, all of our food bills in the White House ourselves and they keep a separate accounting for everything that is done for me and my family and all our guests, even when we have a head of state come and stay with us in the White House. We pay for the food. And we got our bill for the last 10 days of January, from January 20 until the end of the month. It was $600—for 10 days! So I know from first-hand. We have been really watching the food bill since then. So I am in the same boat with you." Mr. Carter hasn't had "a head of state come and stay with us in the White House." Visiting heads of state or government normally stay at Blair House, across Pennsylvania Avenue, and the costs of the state dinners given for them at the White House come out of the State Department budget. If a "head of state" dropped by for a meal with the Carters in the mansion living quarters, the President would be billed for it. The $600 bill he mentioned was higher than usual because Carter relatives and friends from Georgia breakfasted, lunched and dined with the President and his family throughout that first 10 days after the inauguration.

"I am not going to take any time making a speech," the President said near the start in Clinton, and made a speech that took up seven folio pages of transcript. About Clinton, a town of some 13,000 people who are mostly white, Irish in ancestry and Catholic in faith, Mr. Carter said: "I have studied about Clinton, about your background and your history; about the character of your neighborhoods, about your special problems and your special achievements, about the kind of people who live here. It makes me proud to be an American." Listening in space set aside for an enormous press party, it occurred to me that I and other journalists seldom failed to jab at Richard Nixon when he addressed all-white or nearly all-white audiences like the one at Clinton in similar terms.

There was much else, though, that was genuine, affecting and indicative of Jimmy Carter at his best. On why he was there and expects to be at other such events: "I have got a lot to learn. I am eager to learn. I don't claim to know all the answers and the day I leave the White House and another President takes over, I still won't know all the answers . . . . We are trying to recement the ties that exist historically between the federal, state and local levels of government; to tear down the barriers that have been built up in recent years so that I can learn from selectmen and mayors and governors and state legislatures . . . . " In answer to Eleanor Mikolf, a sophomore at the Clinton high school who asked whether going to college two years from now would be worthwhile "when there are no jobs available," he said: "Yes. Yes, I believe it will . . . . the major thing is to have a way to be employed when your education is over and to use your only life that God gives you here on earth in a useful and productive way."

In one of several substantive answers to questions about substantive policy matters, in this instance the requirements for peace in the Middle East, the President said in Clinton that "there has to be a homeland provided for the Palestinian refugees who have suffered for many, many years." At a press briefing in New York in advance of the President's United Nations speech, an official who under the prescribed rules could not be quoted directly and who could be identified only as "administration officials" muddled and stumbled when he was asked what the President meant by "homeland." The briefer said among other things that the word "homeland" does not have a specific connotation. Deserved laughter greeted this statement, the fact being that the word homeland may connote either an independent and hostile Palestinian state on Israel's border, which Israelis will not tolerate, or a Palestinian enclave of Jordan, which the Israelis might accept. It developed later that the briefer fumbled his answer because he was afraid to say anything that he wasn't sure the President would say. Aboard Air Force One, flying from Charleston to New York while the briefer was briefing, Mr. Carter was asked what he meant by "homeland" and answered forthrightly: "I think what I said is appropriate. I think some provision has got to be made for the Palestinians in the framework of the nation of Jordan or by some other means." Although the President didn't explain "some other means," he gave a clearer and more explicit statement on the Palestinian aspect of the Middle East problem than any of his predecessors had given. A minor effect of the New York briefing, incidentally, was to demolish any notion that Zbigniew Brzezinski, the President's assistant for national security affairs, is likely to rival or outshine the departed Henry Kissinger as a humorous and informative guide at such sessions.

At the Charleston energy discussion, the audience and reporters saw the President as his associates and callers see him at work in the Oval Office and the Cabinet Room. That Jimmy Carter differs strikingly from the Carter one sees on television and in

(continued on page 16)

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appearances such as those in Clinton and at the United Nations. On those occasions the combination of the taut figure and the grave mien lightened at times by the toothy smile convey a total impression of youthful vigor, in a way that reminds many people of John F. Kennedy. At Charleston, evidently striving with all his might to follow a discussion that involved special, conflicting and often murky interests, in frequently complicated and esoteric terms, the President looked as I'd never seen him look before. I realized for the first time how deeply lined his face is; how in moments of intense concentration he can appear to be old and tired, older certainly than he is at 52 and wearier (one must suppose) in appearance than he was in fact.

The President's greatest service in Charleston was his rejection of the myth, started with Richard Nixon's absurd Project Independence and sustained with waning conviction by Gerald Ford, that the US can and should make itself independent of foreign energy sources. After Mayor John Hutchinson of Charleston remarked that "energy self-sufficiency is an admirable goal for this country and one I am sure you will try to get at some point," the President said with remarkable candor: "One thing that I believe ought to be corrected, I do not see any prospect nor need for our country to be energy self-sufficient, any time in the future. It might very well be that the [imported] oil that we purchase now at say $15 a barrel is a very good bargain and the oil and gas that we leave in our own ground for use later on might be one of the most precious deposits that we have. I don't think that we are going to set in an overall energy policy a goal of complete self-sufficiency from imported oil or even liquid natural gas." Nobody asked him why, if leaving our own oil and gas in our ground is such a good idea, he so far had gone along with the Nixon-Ford policy of high fuel prices in order to encourage more domestic production.

The central subject was West Virginia coal, how to get more and more of it out of the ground, and how to protect its markets from the competition of nuclear power and what the native participants called with loathing "western coal." The state's new governor, Jay Rockefeller, advocates strip-mining in its most destructive form, by removing the tops of mountains to get at the coal underneath, and that approach was a principal target of the few conservationists on the presidential panel and in the invited audience. President Carter listened attentively. He took with good grace a suggestion that his impression, derived from his Georgia experience, that very high industrial smokestacks diminish coal pollution of air is utter nonsense.

An agenda item illustrative of how the whole affair went and of what resulted concerned a wooded, mountainous and so far unspoiled area of West Virginia called "the Cranberry back country." Conservationist Ed Light stared straight at the President, who was seated at the head of the panel table between Secretary of the Interior Cecil Andrus and energy adviser James Schlesinger, and said: "If you don't act in a matter of a few weeks to change the administration's policy on wilderness protection in the Cranberry back country, mining will be preeminent and this natural resource will be lost. You have to act in a matter of a few weeks to stop the Forest Service from carrying out the previous administration policy or that area is gone."

Carter: "Thank you. The Secretary of the Interior said he is familiar with that problem."

Andrus (laughing wanly): "Except Agriculture has the Forest Service."

Here in microcosm, it turned out, was a good example of the complexities that clutter most environmental situations and issues. The Forest Service acquired in 1935 and 1939 from private owners a large portion of the Cranberry area and added it to the national forests. But it acquired only the surface rights; the mineral—or coal—rights had been reserved to private ownership by deeds executed in 1909. Those rights are held by the Powellton Company, which proposes to begin testing the possibilities of deep-mining coal in and just outside the Forest Service lands in April. Forest Service studies aimed at determining whether to designate the Cranberry country a protected federal wilderness area are in process. In effect though not by law, that designation might bar mining. Two environmental groups are suing in the federal district court in Charleston to prevent mining. The question before federal officials and indirectly before the President, now that Ed Light has stuck him with it, is whether or not to support the environmentalists' suit. So far as Kenneth Smallwood, the Forest Service official handling the problem in Washington, knew on March 23, nobody at the White House had inquired about the matter. Cecil Andrus had inquired, through an Interior department press officer, Harmon Kallman, who asked a Forest Service press officer, Diane O'Connor, and one of Smallwood's associates what it was all about. Kallman had been asked to prepare a letter for Andrus to send to West Virginians who had taken sides in the controversy, pro and con the Cranberry back country.

Out of the blue, for no better reason than that a few demonstrators' signs had reminded him of it, the President brought up his running battle with Congress over his attempt to knock several expensive water development projects out of the next federal budget. As if forgetting his efforts during the past few days to placate angry congressmen and assure them that he wasn't trying to force unwanted cuts on them, he said in Charleston: "There is going to be a major struggle between me and the Congress and I hate as a brand new Democratic President to have an argument with the Congress. But I am determined to let the

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American people know about this particular consideration. . . . I am very determined to present to the American people my side of the argument." Within a week, he'd restored three of 19 cancelled water projects and added 14 more to the list under review.

Persuading resident members of the General Assembly to meet at the United Nations so that the President could address them, although the assembly was not in session, was President Carter's idea. It definitely was not the idea of his assistant, Zbigniew Brzezinski, who disliked the synthetic setting and felt that the President would be wise to await the next formal assembly session. Brzezinski, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and their staffs nevertheless provided the raw material and initial drafts. Chief White House speech writer James Fallows also did a draft, but he was pretty well bypassed and didn't seem to mind. It was an acceptable though not exciting speech, well delivered, with a handy policy capsule at the end: "First, we will strive for peace in the troubled areas of the world; second, we will aggressively seek to control the weaponry of war; third, we will promote a new system of international economic progress and cooperation; and fourth, we will be steadfast in our dedication to the dignity and well-being of people throughout the world." The President's human-rights stab at the Soviet Union—"no member of the United Nations can claim that mistreatment of its citizens is solely its own business"—and kindred criticisms probably won't impede US-Soviet negotiations as much as some people fear. The really disturbing feature of the President's human rights approach is the impossibility of applying it uniformly. Denying foreign aid to a few offending governments while continuing it to South Korea because South Korea is considered vital to our national security is ugly business. George F. Kennan, whose observations Mr. Carter could usefully study, warned years ago that an excess of morality in foreign policy gets governments into that kind of schizoid posture.

Everybody expects it, but it may never come.

The Crunch With Israel

by Morton Kondracke

George Ball was frozen out of the high posts to which he aspired in the Carter administration, but his views on the Middle East are well represented in the foreign policy bureaucracy and have been urged upon President Carter. Ball, Undersecretary of State in the Kennedy and Johnson administrations and now an international investment banker, has expressed himself provocatively in the current issue of *Foreign Affairs* under the title, "How to Save Israel in Spite of Herself." Ball's case is that the United States cannot depend upon the Arabs and Israelis to negotiate out their differences. At the proper moment, he argues—that is, when the two sides have demonstrated failure to come to terms—the US should "insist" that they comply with United Nations Security Council Resolution 242. Ball seems to assume that it will be relatively easy to win agreement from the Arabs—even from the Palestine Liberation Organization—to recognize Israel's sovereignty within her 1967 borders. The tough part, according to Ball, will be to convince Israel to return to those borders foreswearing permanent occupation of lands seized in war. Ball says that President Carter "must be prepared to accept formidable political opposition and to act with the same incisiveness President Eisenhower displayed in 1957" when, to induce Israeli withdrawal from Sinai, he threatened to cut off US aid to Israel and to eliminate the income tax rules that encourage private gifts and bond purchases.

Within the administration, the case has been put repeatedly to the President, by one account, in every single Middle East document he has received from the bureaucracy—that the "problem of Israeli intransigence" will be the greatest obstacle he must overcome if he means to achieve a peace settlement. Sooner or later, these documents are said to argue, the administration will face a "crunch" with Israel, and Carter should carefully assemble and tend his political forces for the fight. The bureaucracy apparently has had little specific political advice to offer, but urges that Carter endeavor to win understanding and support from

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Congress and the American people for his peace efforts.

It is hard to determine whether or not Carter has taken the bureaucrats' advice. His remarkable statements about the Middle East on March 9 and 16 could be read either way. On the one hand, the candor and detail of Carter's responses in a Washington press conference and his Clinton, Massachusetts, town meeting suggest the beginning of an effort to fully inform Congress and the country about where Middle East policy is heading, as if Carter were preparing his ground for a fight. On the other hand, the remarks were of a piece with the administration's general loquaciousness on foreign policy, and might merely represent an intention, as Carter said it did, that "these matters will be freely and openly debated within our country and within the countries involved."

The actual contents of Carter's remarks suggested strong sympathy for Israel's priorities in the peacemaking process. One Israeli told me he was convinced Carter was "politically, religiously, ideologically and morally pro-Israel." According to Carter, "the first prerequisite of a lasting peace is the recognition of Israel by her neighbors; Israel's right to exist . . . permanently . . . in peace. That means that over a period of months or years . . . the borders between Israel [and her neighbors] must be opened up to travel, to tourism, to cultural exchange, to trade, so that no matter who the leaders might be in those countries, the people themselves will have formed a mutual understanding and comprehension and a sense of a common purpose to avoid the repetitious wars and deaths that have affected the region so long." Carter's description of peace could have been composed in Israel; an Arab diplomat groaned, in fact, that it "sounded like a tape recording of Yitzhak Rabin."

Even Carter's second peace priority was set forth with a pro-Israeli tilt. Unlike the definition of peace, about which he was very definite, the permanent borders of Israel, he said, have to be settled by negotiation. He said there would have to be "substantial withdrawal of Israel's present control over Arab territories," but "where the withdrawal might end, I don't know. I would guess it would be some minor adjustments in the 1967 borders. But that still remains to be negotiated." The Arab position is one of adamant insistence that Israel's final borders must be the 1967 lines.

Carter also raised the possibility that "there may be extensions of Israeli defense capability beyond the permanent and recognized borders," though he did not say whether he envisioned such extensions lasting only during an interim state of two, four or eight years or more, or even as comprising part of the "ultimate settlement" in the region. Israeli officials said that, of course, Carter must mean the latter—perhaps including a 50-year Israeli lease on Sharm al-Sheik at the bottom of Sinai and long-term stationing of military outposts along the Jordan River and the Golan Heights. To the Arabs, Israeli occupation of Arab land beyond a short interim period is "a joke," and not a good one.

As a third priority, Carter said at Clinton, "there has to be a homeland provided for the Palestinian refugees." Carter's use of the word "homeland" at first shocked the Israelis and cheered the Arabs, implying that the President favors creation of an independent Palestinian state in the West Bank, which is anathema to Israel. Carter later clarified his statement, however, saying "some provision has got to be made for the Palestinians in the framework of the nation of Jordan or by some other means." Israel says now it will consider a withdrawal from the West Bank only if Jordanian sovereignty is to be restored.

As a further indication of pro-Israeli inclinations, Carter reiterated the administration's position that the PLO commitment to destroy Israel "has to be overcome," presumably before PLO representatives can take part in Middle East peace talks. Contrary to Ball's perception that PLO leader Yasser Arafat is moving toward recognition of Israeli sovereignty within the 1967 borders, the Palestinian National Council declared in concluding its meeting in Cairo last week that the PLO's strategic purpose is "the liberation of Palestine from the Zionist racist occupation" by "military struggle" and other means. At the moment, therefore, there is no basis for US recognition of the PLO.

Taken at face value, then, Carter's statements all seem to support the notion that he is solidly pro-Israel. But some Arab diplomats, US officials and even some Israelis can see openings for a different kind of policy—one that might lead to the American-Israeli "crunch" envisioned by Ball, and others.

The behavior of Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin is especially interesting. Rabin met with Carter in Washington on March 8. Apparently he was told then that the United States favors Israel's return to its 1967 borders, with minor adjustments. Carter must have been somewhat less equivocal in private than he was in his press conference the following day, when he said the borders were subject to negotiation. Rabin reportedly concluded that Carter's private position contained elements Israel "could not live with." He urged Carter to avoid any public airing of differences between the US and Israel on this issue. Rabin reportedly was shaken, the next day, when he heard about Carter's press conference.

Back in Israel, Rabin gave a radio interview in which he confirmed that the United States and Israel do not see eye-to-eye either on the role of the Palestinians in negotiations or on the question of borders. He was quoted as saying that Israel would begin "an information drive" in the United States to convince the administration, Congress and the public of Israel's need for permanent "defensible borders" different from the

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1967 lines. Later, Rabin and other Israeli leaders sought to clarify his statements, toning down Israel's official perception of her differences with the US administration, and claiming Rabin had had "a bad day" on Israeli radio. In a speech at Hebrew University in Jerusalem on March 22, Rabin said "we are ready for the best" in peace negotiations, "and prepared for the worst." Israeli officials said that there would be no special "information drive in the US."

Despite Carter's public comments, Arab diplomats in Washington have been strangely optimistic. "America is ceasing to be an honest broker," said one, "and is developing a plan of its own. I see movement and action, and we are encouraged." Another said that Carter's comments of March 9 and 16, while favorable to Israel, also were "teasing the animal inside its cage." This diplomat said, "I am confident we will see the day when Carter sits before the television cameras in his cardigan and says, 'The Israelis are so-and-sos . . . . They are not helping us to achieve peace.'" One Arab noted that Carter never has had a one-on-one meeting with an Arab leader, and predicted his attitudes would change after Egypt's Anwar Sadat visits Washington in early April.

My own guess is that the Arabs will find the going harder than they think, and that Carter will demand movement from them before he demands it from the Israelis. Along the lines of his "first prerequisite" formulation, he probably will ask the Arabs to commit themselves to giving Israel full peace, recognition, diplomatic relations and cultural exchanges if Israel will agree to return to its 1967 borders. The Arabs probably will be asked to give Israel a several years' phasing-out period from occupied Arab territory and, perhaps, leases at Sharm al-Sheik and other places. It will be hard for the Arabs to swallow all this, and to be asked, as well, to pressure the PLO all the way into moderation. It will not be easy to win Arab acquiescence, certainly not as easy as George Ball suggests in *Foreign Affairs*.

But if Carter can get the Arabs to agree to all of this, he will then have to deliver the other half of Resolution 242—an agreement from Israel to return to its 1967 borders, sometime. Carter seems to be doing his best to convince Israel, her friends in the United States and the American public in general that he is solidly pro-Israeli, that he would do nothing to injure Israel's security and well-being. If he can establish this, and still deliver the Arabs, he will be in a position to ask Israel to give up *all* claims to captured Arab territory. If Israel then refuses, there could well be a "crunch."

Equal-protection plaintiffs are winning the picayune cases but losing the important ones.

Trivializing Discrimination

by Nathan Lewin

In a decision featuring 24 tightly reasoned and thoroughly researched footnotes, the Supreme Court ruled in December that men between the ages of 18 and 20 were constitutionally entitled to buy "non-intoxicating" beer in Oklahoma. Just two weeks earlier, the same Court had decided that female employees have no right enforceable under the federal civil rights laws to have pregnancy-disability protection included in an employer's medical insurance plan. And three weeks after the "near-beer" decision, the Court held that there is no constitutional right to compel suburban rezoning even if an existing zoning plan has the necessary "ultimate effect" of excluding blacks.

At first blush, these decisions seem totally unrelated. But they and several other Supreme Court decisions in recent months share a common theme. Each involves a claim that there is improper discrimination in the language of a law, in its application, or in the operation of a governmentally regulated program. The Court was required to decide, in each of these situations, whether a difference in the treatment of different classes of people was to be characterized as "invidious discrimination" and declared illegal.

Oklahoma allows girls to buy beer with an alcohol content of 3.2 percent or less once they pass their 18th birthdays while boys must wait until they are 21. Does

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this difference in treatment, based entirely on sex, violate the Fourteenth Amendment? Is it arbitrary discrimination based on gender alone to exclude from an employer's medical plan all disabilities arising from pregnancy if the plan covers risks arising from prostatectomies, vasectomies and circumcisions? Are poor and moderate-income blacks discriminated against by a zoning ordinance that prevents construction of federally sponsored multiple-family housing? Either directly or by analogy, each of these questions turns on the meaning of the constitutional guarantee of "equal protection of the laws." The answers the Court has been giving recently show a disturbing trend toward trivializing the constitutional right and depriving Americans of judicial protection against sophisticated forms of discrimination.

The Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution declares that no state may "deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." About 60 years after this language became part of our national charter, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes referred to it derisively as "the usual last resort of constitutional arguments." Within half a century of Holmes's remark, however, the so-called equal-protection clause had become one of the most important tools available to the Supreme Court. The greatest Court decisions of the 1950s and 1960s were based on it. Evils as diverse as racial segregation in public schools and malapportionment of state legislatures were declared illegal because they were discriminatory and were, on this account, official denials of "equal protection."

The line between unconstitutional discrimination and what judges call "permissible legislative classification" is not a neat and obvious one. Justice Felix Frankfurter once said that "the Constitution does not require things which are different in fact or opinion to be treated in law as though they were the same." And Justice Hugo Black agreed with his traditional adversary on this proposition. Black said that "statutes create many classifications which do not deny equal protection; it is only 'invidious discrimination' which offends the Constitution."

Many respected judges believed before *Brown* v. *Board of Education* in 1954 that the maintenance of "separate but equal" public schools for whites and blacks was not illegal discrimination. Many thought, before the Supreme Court's 1962 ruling in *Baker* v. *Carr*, that so long as every voter had the opportunity to cast a single ballot, no one was being discriminated against in the election process, even if one assembly district had 2300 voters and another, also represented by one legislator, had almost 20 times as many. The Supreme Court read the Equal Protection Clause in both situations—as it has read it before and since, in many less publicized situations—to invalidate the inequality.

When does a difference in treatment written into a law or carried into effect by a government agency rise to the level of a constitutional wrong? During the Warren years, the Court began by viewing as "inherently suspect and subject to close scrutiny" any differences based on race. It expanded this group of "inherently suspect" classifications to include differences based on national origin or on one's status as an alien or as an illegitimate child. When a law draws lines based on race or country of birth or illegitimacy or alienage, the Court is ready to eradicate the lines by declaring them "invidiously discriminatory." But the Court has not gone as far in dealing with distinctions based on sex, and they continue to bedevil the justices.

The degree of the bedevilment was exhibited publicly on March 21, when the Court issued a unanimous decision that seemed to contradict squarely what it had decided just 20 days before.

In early March, the Court announced its ruling in a case concerning the right of a widower to collect social security payments as a surviving spouse. The basic rule under federal law was that a widow whose dead husband was covered by social security may collect "survivors' benefits" simply by proving that she meets the age qualifications. She need not establish that, prior to her husband's death, she was dependent on him for support. But federal law did require a widower, in order to qualify for survivor's benefits, to prove that he "was receiving at least one-half of his support" from the deceased spouse. The Court majority pounced on this distinction between male and female as if it were an obvious affront to civilized society. Plainly, it said, the law was a product of "role-typing" and an "old notion" and a "presumption that wives are usually dependent." As a result, it ruled that this form of "gender-based discrimination in the distribution of employment-related benefits" was unconstitutional.

Much to the surprise of four Justices who dissented in the early March case, the Court turned around in an unsigned opinion 20 days later and found that it is not unconstitutional for the social security law to provide a lower retirement pension payment for men than for women who are precisely the same age. This time the Court said that the benefit granted to females was "enacted to compensate for particular economic disabilities suffered by women."

Equalizing male and female social security pensions would have affected nine million people. The "near-beer" case, on the other hand, made little difference to anyone except the Oklahoma shopowner who wanted to sell her product, without fear of prosecution, to *all* customers in their late teens. Arming its conclusion with the emotive language of "invidious discrimination," a majority of the justices rejected each argument thrown up in favor of the "gender-based difference." The Court was not impressed by statistical surveys proving that more male teenagers than female teenagers are arrested for drunken driving. The constitutional question was treated with a sobriety appropriate to the non-intoxicating quality of its

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subject, but altogether unsuited to the gossamer importance of the case. The law did not prevent *consumption* of "non-intoxicating beer" by *anyone* so long as an adult bought it.

Those who raise equal protection claims in the Supreme Court seem to be winning the picayune cases and losing the big ones. And the approach the Court is taking when it rejects the claims of discrimination is reminiscent of the tunnel vision that led the nation, for more than half a century, to separate-but-equal public schools, railway carriages and public lavatories. Denial of pregnancy disability benefits, says the Court, does not amount to "sex-based discrimination" because *all* employees—be they male or female—receive no payment for disabilities arising from their pregnancies. This is the law's majestic equality in Anatole France's sense. Both rich and poor may not beg in the streets or sleep under bridges; both blacks and whites must be kept separate from each other in public schools; both men and women are to be denied compensation for complications of their pregnancies.

The perception and sensitivity that led the Court to pierce such superficial equalities in the school segregation cases and in the reapportionment decisions are gone. In their place has come logical tidiness that emphasizes form and the appearance of even-handedness. In the surviving widower's case, as in that of the beer-drinking boys of Oklahoma, the law drew an explicit line between men and women, and the Court found the drawn line untenable. But leave the line to inference, and the result may well be different.

Except, of course, when the discrimination is "invidious." But how much protection does this concept offer? The most potentially harmful of all recent equal-protection rulings was issued last June in a case called *Washington* v. *Davis*. Before that Supreme Court decision, it had been assumed that the equal-protection principle was violated if the effect or impact of a governmental policy was racially discriminatory, whether or not those implementing the policy had acted with malice. But in *Washington* v. *Davis* the Court ruled that for racial discrimination to be "invidious," and thereby unconstitutional, it must be "purposeful."

Does consciousness of race itself make discrimination "purposeful"? Apparently some additional ingredient is necessary. In a recent Supreme Court case in which I represented one of the parties, it was undisputed that a state legislature had redrawn electoral district lines almost exclusively for a "benign," but racially motivated, purpose—to assure a substantial non-white population in some districts that would improve the chances of electing non-white representatives. Two of the justices who had joined the majority in *Washington* v. *Davis* wrote an opinion in the redistricting case insisting that this proof still did not establish "the invidious purpose of discriminating against white voters." Apparently "invidiousness" depends not only on explicit consciousness of race, but on a focussed intent to be mean and nasty—to deprive the racial group, as an entity, of rights it should otherwise have.

What remains, then, of the equal protection clause? In another recent case, the Court rejected a claim that the zoning laws of Arlington Heights, a suburb of Chicago, unconstitutionally denied blacks the opportunity to live there. The village's denial of rezoning was done according to the rulebooks, and no malicious racist motives emerged from its formal resolutions and declarations. Based on that record, a majority of the Court concluded that the black plaintiffs had not proved an "invidious discriminatory purpose." And so the plantiffs lost their constitutional argument, even though they had proved that the ultimate and necessary effect of the village's action was the continued exclusion of blacks from the community.

Other discrimination cases sit on the Court's docket, waiting for decision or for argument. Some are plainly trivial. Does Illinois discriminate "invidiously" between legitimate and illegitimate children when it grants to legitimate offspring the right to inherit from a father who dies without leaving a will but denies that right to the father's illegitimate children? Is that unfairness aggravated by the fact that no such distinction is made under Illinois law for the children of a mother who dies intestate? May Philadelphia set aside two special senior high schools for its scholastically superior students and designate one exclusively for boys and one for girls? Does that separation amount to an impermissable "gender-based classification?"

And then there are the more important and far-reaching discrimination questions. May an employer treat pregnant employees differently from others who have temporary employment disabilities that are not work-related? How is the federal Civil Rights Act's prohibition against racial discrimination in employment to be applied to situations where seniority systems perpetuate past discriminatory practices? Is an employee whose religion prohibits work on saturdays being subjected to illegal discrimination if his employer can reasonably accommodate to his religious practice but refuses to do so? Does the First Amendment's prohibition of establishment of religion prevent Congress from requiring accommodations of this kind?

If the Court intends to narrow the scope of discrimination claims to situations which present obvious inequalities, the complainants in these cases are in deep trouble. But that has not been the view that the Court has taken in recent decades. The decisions of the past few months more closely resemble an 1883 decision upholding an Alabama law that prohibited interracial marriage. Justice Stephen Field, for a unanimous Court, applied impeccable 19th-century logic when he countered a claim of discrimination by noting that the law "applies the same punishment to both offenders, the white and the black."

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

So Long, H'wood! Hello, L. A.!

Welcome to L. A. (United Artists). This is a boring film, but the reasons for its existence are interesting. Alan Rudolph wrote and directed it as his first venture: before this, he had worked as an assistant to Robert Altman—still *is* doing so, to judge by this picture, which is just imitation Altman. (And *der Meister* produced it.) Casualness, *luxe*, rock as profundity, monastic devotion to liberated sex, *Angst* spread as easily and tastily as pâté on a wafer—all the lush suety qualities that are summed up (to an Easterner, anyway) in the adjective "Californian": they're here again, all employed in the new school of Sententious Chic.

Keith Carradine, chin-whiskered, is a composer who returns to L. A. after three years abroad because a piece of his is going to be recorded by a big star. Carradine is the son of a millionaire whose heart is torn three ways: his son, his money, his girl. The girl soon succumbs to the son—but that's not the story, she's only one of many girls. Carradine, if you can believe it, knocks out women. Here are the ones who want him or have him, most of them about 30 seconds after meeting him: Viveca Lindfors, Sally Kellerman, Lauren Hutton, Geraldine Chaplin, Diahann Abbott (Mrs. Robert De Niro, black, gorgeous, providing the most live moment in the film). The father is Denver Pyle, big, white-haired, a *very* snappy dresser. Harvey Keitel, a husband, is as meatily unscintillating as ever. John Considine, who was good as Annie Oakley's nervous husband in *Buffalo Bill*, is good here as an overripe Angeleno, near to flipping out. The only Altman regular missing from the lineup is Shelley Duvall, but her oyster-eyed gauntness is supplied this time by Sissie Spacek, as a housekeeper who likes to work bare to the waist.

Carradine moves around this circle, saying very little, wowing everyone with his presence. Which is just a mite hard to believe because he's the closest to the Invisible Man since Claude Rains. While Carradine scores around the circle, we get the interwoven problems of all the others, with—what else?—a look into the void at the heart of our society, aided by the repetition of a quotation from Goya and of some songs whose "heavy" lyrics are today's pop equivalent of June-moon stuff from the old Tin Pan Alley. And all of it is presented in a carefully lax, fruity manner that makes you feel that the interiors of both the camera and the editing machine have been decorated by *Vogue*.

The film is boring because, in every way, it's at about the level of *Play It As It Lays*, novel *and* film, a level that would impress, say, the L. A. whacko played by Lily Tomlin in *The Late Show*. (Another Altman production.) But as further testimony to a cultural shift, it has some importance. This is one more of the recent wave of films set in the Los Angeles area that have not a thing to do with the film world. The only hint of Hollywood in the film is tenuously inferential: perhaps this whole area would not have developed in quite this manner—a society of exhibitionistic sybarites and self-conscious sufferers, religious faddists and "serious" sensualists—if the film world had not been there as both magnet and seed bed. (That area can be said to extend down the coast, of course, and in some ways as far north as San Francisco.)

Yes, there were pictures years ago that were set in this area yet had nothing to do with Hollywood, but the ones I remember are mostly mysteries, like Chandler and imitation Chandler—or pictures that weren't set anywhere in particular so could be shot in the vicinity. (Even *They Shoot Horses, Don't They* is visited by a film producer.) But most pictures that were specifically set in or near Hollywood dealt with what Hollywood meant to the world. Chaplin made *A Film Johnnie* in 1914, and I doubt that it was the first on its subject. In the 1920s, according to the AFI index, there were 36 feature films about Hollywood and the number kept growing: as late as the 1960s there were 75. Through the years some of the stories have come from other sources (*Merton of the Movies, Once in a Lifetime*), but most of them were Hollywood-originated, products of Hollywood's interest in its own navel and its knowledge of the whole planet's interest in it. A handful of examples: *Show People, Sunset Boulevard, The Bad and the Beautiful, The Goddess, The Star*—plus a clutch of biographical films about Valentino, Raft, Harlow (twice), Gable and Lombard, etc., etc.

Something happened at the beginning of this decade. Until then it would have been very extraordinary to set a picture in this locale and *not* make it about Hollywood life. No one would have understood the reason: if it wasn't about film people's lives, then why set it there? Lately, however, a shift. We get *Blume in Love, California Split, Shampoo* (an actress in it but it's not about Hollywood), *Fun with Dick and Jane*, and now this picture. When *A Star is Born* was remade last year, in the same locale, it was changed from the film people of the first three versions to rock people. And when Altman wanted to deal with stars and starriness, he left the Coast for Nashville.

Something has changed. "Hollywood" is still a useful term: no other word is, as yet, good synecdoche for the American film industry. But as an avalanche of articles and books has pointed out, that industry doesn't exist any more in the sense of seven or eight giant factories turning out four or five hundred features a year. (Now each production is usually a separate business venture, and there are only between 100 and 150 a year.) The fact that there is no longer a big assembly-line industry has had one huge non-industrial effect: there is no longer one great myth-producing center for the entire world. A Yugoslav director told me once in Zagreb that his brother had died in the same week as Gary Cooper, that he hadn't seen his

Films Worth Seeing

Cousin Cousine. Fairy-tale sex posing as reality, but nicely French, so nice.

The Marquise of O. . . An exquisite film, in German, by Eric Rohmer out of Kleist. Not to be missed or forgotten.

Network. Paddy Chayefsky vs. the TV Establishment. Vigorous, phony, razzle-dazzling.

The Seven-per-cent Solution. Sherlock Holmes, Sigmund Freud, wit, dash, spoofery. *That's* entertainment!

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brother in 20 years, and that Cooper's death affected him much more. This was a sample of what Hollywood had done—salubriously, in several ways—for the world.

Obviously big new stars are still made by films (Nicholson and De Niro, for instance) and in fact are made more quickly than in previous years because now there are more and speedier ways to spread information. But these new stars are rather like freebooters carving out their fortunes, as against the old days when a system existed to sign a newcomer, to groom and "produce" him/her with long-term contracts in hand and with long-range ends in view, and with an oceanic audience just waiting, waiting, waiting. It's possible that the absence of that concentrated establishment at the core of things has finally filtered through to the world at large and, quite apart from its devotion to individual new stars, has affected its belief in Hollywood as Olympus. The gods can live and work anywhere now, and frequently do.

The only Hollywood studios that are now operating in the old production-line way are doing it for TV—in all its forms from soaps to mini-series to maxi-series to films-for-TV. This is not—not yet—the same. Certainly TV makes international stars: Steve McQueen was a figure in France before his first starring theater films arrived. Certainly *Gunsmoke* and *Bonanza* must have affected the dream lives of children and adolescents in Wisconsin and Warsaw as strongly as Tom Mix or John Wayne once did. But I'm not yet aware of any world-consciousness of TV as a mythopoeic center, a consciousness that would very soon be reflected (as Hollywood once reflected itself) in TV dramas and comedies about the glamour and anguish and romance of working in TV. I've never seen a TV play on that order; the only drama about TV that I can think of is *Network*, which wasn't made by TV and is not about TV actors.

So in the meanwhile—for however long that turns out to be—there's a hiatus. TV is not yet operative as Olympus: Hollywood is no longer operative as such. When the film people who live there want to make films about film people, they go back: *Hearts of the West, Day of the Locust, The Last Tycoon, Nickelodeon*. The exceptions, such as *Play It As It Lays* and *Alex in Wonderland*, only show *why* modern film life is not interesting: it's not Olympian, it's just one more way to get rich and have troubles. So when the filmmakers out there want to set a film out there, they might just as well *not* make it about film people.

And yet . . . . a film like *Welcome to L. A.*, set in that area but never mentioning Hollywood . . . . well, for a few years, anyway, it's going to seem like a film about Oberammergau that never mentions the Passion Play.

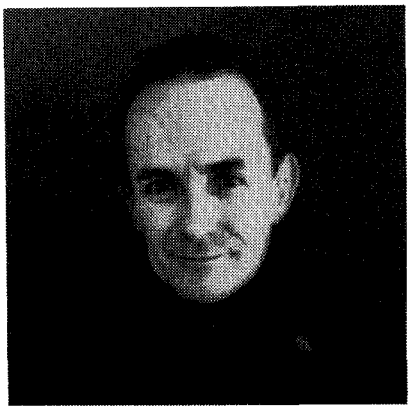
From 400 Blows to Small Change

Truffaut's Progress

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about François Truffaut's *Small Change* is that it was made by the same man who made *The 400 Blows*. In his most recent film, Truffaut returns to the subject and setting of his first feature film—the world of children and the schoolroom, the contrast between that world as children see it and as adults see it. But as opposed to the bitterness, the pain, the sarcasm in Truffaut's earlier contrast of childhood innocence with the shades of the adult prisonhouse, *Small Change* is a benign, bemused and accepting view of the inevitable contrast. The difference between *Small Change* and *The 400 Blows* is the distance that man has traveled.

Small Change is a thoroughly sunny film—literally and figuratively. Almost every scene has been shot in bright sunlight, dominated by the sparkling colors that sunlight produces on film. It is a song of summer—of tanned faces, sparkling flowers, lush grasses, blue skies. When the children remove their outerclothing for medical examination, even their underwear becomes a visual sea of blazing color, silky, multi-colored mass of dazzling flags, banners and pennants.

The film's spiritual sunshine is as bright as its visual imagery. Rather early in the film a delightful four-year-old child plays near an open window on the fifth floor of an apartment house. The child's kitten walks gingerly on the ledge of the window sill, pushed there by the



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child himself, who is blissfully innocent of the cause-and-effect relationships of windows, heights and gravity. Using the classic devices of the cinema to build suspense (prolonging the slow but steady movement of the child toward that window ledge, viewing the child's progress from carefully edited, disturbing angles), Truffaut builds our fears for the safety and survival of the child.

And the child does fall (in the same kind of slow motion that Truffaut used for the climactic death plunge into the lake of *Jules and Jim* or the climactic death slide through the snow of *Shoot the Piano Player*). But in *Small Change* the slow motion summons not death but life. The tiny child turns a magnificent somersault in mid-air only to land safely on his back, as if he were executing some ordinary gymnastic stunt, tumbling on a soft mattress or bed of flowers rather than solid ground. The child giggles, unhurt, and exclaims, "I go boom."

Several images of this sunny film speak directly to those of Truffaut's less sunny past. One is a shot in the schoolyard where we briefly see a row of old wooden desks, standing on their sides, that have crossed the path of the clean, modern ones which are replacing them in the schoolrooms. Those old desks—dark, dull and inky brown (as compared to the shiny lightness of the new desks), with the traditional slits for pens and a hole for the inkwell, misshapen with age, defaced by the carvings and cravings of the generations who sat behind them—are of course a symbol of the older, traditional French education.

But they also specifically recall the desks that dominated the schoolroom of *The 400 Blows*, the identical kind of desk behind which the tortured and lonely Antoine Doinel was forced to sit. (And the identical kind of desk served the same function in Jean Vigo's *Zero de Conduite*, a major influence on Truffaut's original depiction of the schoolroom as a prison cell). Although the arrival of those new desks may imply the humane changes in the French educational system, they also imply the changes in Truffaut. In *Small Change* those old desks, and the resentment they imply, have been flushed out, exorcised, purged from the filmmaker's soul as well as his schoolrooms.

A parallel purging of the demons of his past underlies Truffaut's image of the dark, dilapidated, black-tar-paper house of Leclou, the maltreated boy. The house is an ugly and drab anachronism in this film of bright colors and modern apartments, where the boy must leave the sunlight (which he prefers) to retreat into the cave. Significantly, Leclou is about the same age as the young Antoine Doinel. And significantly, Truffaut never permits his camera inside the dark house; its contents remain a mystery throughout the film.

Instead, Truffaut brings the darkness of that house into the sunlight, flushing out the witchlike mother and grandmother who torture the boy, exposing them to the light, and, apparently, packing them (rather than the boy) off to prison. Whereas *The 400 Blows* dwelt exclusively with the child's feelings of torture and pain—in effect, inside that witch's house—*Small Change* seems the filmmaker's final release of those dark phantoms within him to the light, where they can be exposed and erased in the same way that sunlight bleaches a roll of unexposed film.

This metaphoric link of light and film to Truffaut's autobiographical imagery is no accident, for Truffaut brought about his spiritual transformation by falling in love—with the cinema. Or rather, he accomplished it by being allowed to indulge his love, by discovering things about his love and thereby deepening it, and by his lover's rewarding him with both material and spiritual favors. The earlier *Day For Night* (1973) is, of course, Truffaut's most explicit sonnet to the cinema, in which he plays a film director who lovingly converts his life into his art and his art into his life.

The recurrent dream sequence of this earlier film leads directly to the sunny imagery of *Small Change*. The director's dream begins agonizingly enough, resembling the *angst*-laden dreams of such prototypic "art films" as *Wild Strawberries* and *8½*. Like those earlier "art films" (and like his own earliest films), the dream is in black and white (although the rest of the movie is in color), and the boy in the dream looks decidedly like Antoine Doinel of *The 400 Blows* (and, like Leclou, is about the same age as Antoine in that early film). But the anxious, "art film" dream turns into a joke (like the child tumbling from the window); its ominous mood dissolves into laughter, for the great spiritual crisis is merely the theft of some stills from a theater showing *Citizen Kane*. Even the director's childhood memories are of the cinema (just as, in *The Clowns*, Fellini's are of the circus).

Truffaut's first three feature films, which established his reputation (*400 Blows*, 1959; *Shoot the Piano Player*, 1960; *Jules and Jim*, 1961), looked and felt enough like the other "art films" of that period to be taken as part of the same movement. They were moody, somber, dark, filled with tortured human souls for whom beauty, love and joy were extremely fragile and inevitably ephemeral. But immediately after this trio of critical successes (and commercial successes on the American "art circuit"), Truffaut's career went into a deep decline. His *The Soft Skin* (1965) was so elliptically told and so critically condemned that he feared he had lost touch with his public. He tried to regain that touch with a more commercial, technicolor adaptation of a literary property, Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451*, which constricted him with its demands to literary fidelity (and which was the only major literary work he was ever to adapt). And *The Bride Wore Black* (1968) was such an homage to Hitchcock, virtually a film dissertation, that the director seemed more chained to cinema that he loved than fired by his love of cinema.

Truffaut's work could only move forward by moving backward. In *Stolen Kisses* (1968) and *Bed and Board* (1970) Truffaut returned to Antoine Doinel. (He had previously glimpsed back at Antoine in a single spisode of *Love at Twenty*, 1965, one of those multi-director, multi-episode movies that the "art movement" inexplicably spawned in the '60s.) Truffaut, like Antoine, and like Jean-Pierre Léaud who played him, was now 10 years older. Antoine was no longer a child, and the director no longer saw and spoke as a child.

Instead, Truffaut showed Antoine making the transition—sometimes clumsy, sometimes comic, sometimes touching—between the world of children and the world of adults, a world which tormented him so much when he was a child. Antoine found a vocation (after several bungling attempts), found sexual fulfillment (after several bungling attempts), and eventually found the meaning of home, wife, mistress, job, and all the other values of adult life. As Antoine matured, the director grew up with him, although Truffaut steadily kept several wry, ironic, and wise steps ahead of him (as opposed to his almost complete identification with the child's world in *400 Blows*).

Truffaut's autobiographical summation of the process is *The Wild Child* (1970), a film which does not seem autobiographical at all. On its surface, the film is a costumed case-study of an 18th century child who survived as a creature of the jungle, as one of Rou-

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sseau's noble savages, for his first 12 years, who was then captured by civilization and taught to live according to its rules. But Truffaut himself plays the teacher in the film, the man who trains and tames the child because he is committed to his beliefs, his vocation, and his love for the boy. The potential link between teaching and film directing becomes explicit in *Day For Night*, in which the director Truffaut plays resembles that earlier teacher in his love, patience, commitment, wisdom and control; it becomes implicit in *Small Change*, in which M. Richet, the sympathetic teacher played by Jean-François Stevenin, is clearly a surrogate for the director himself with similar spiritual and physical qualities to the director's previous screen roles. (Indeed, Stevenin played Truffaut's assistant director in *Day For Night*.)

The Wild Child's autobiographical link is also clear in Truffaut's dedicating it to Jean-Pierre Léaud, the boy who was originally, like the director himself, a "wild child," and was about the same age as this Wild Child, who grew up with the director while the director grew up with him. In *The Wild Child* Truffaut realizes that the life of natural spontaneity and pure freedom may seem fine from a child's point of view, but for adult human beings the "noble savage" is a poetic idealization. For people, civilization and society *are* nature. Wild children can't communicate with others; wild children don't feel love. (They certainly don't make movies.)

And so *Small Change* is not a Wordsworthian study of the child's world of spontaneity and innocence, imprisoned by adult society—and Antoine is literally imprisoned in *The 400 Blows*. Rather, it is a study of the way that education (in the schoolroom or the movie house, by school teachers or film directors) joins the child's sensibility and imagination with the community of human beings, to which all adults belong. True, the children still feel the adults as aliens in their world; they have more fun with Molière's *L'Avare* when the teacher is out of the room, for the play becomes part of their world of play. But Truffaut now sees "education" (be it in school, at the movies, or simply by growing up) as the means of bridging the gulf and effecting the synthesis of nature and civilization, spontaneity and society.

Such a thematic statement brings Truffaut's concerns very close to Jean Renoir's, the director who has been his greatest influence and inspiration. Like Truffaut, Renoir earned his early reputation with somber, philosophically disturbing films in black and white, and then made much sunnier late films in color. Like Truffaut, Renoir developed the conflicting claims of art and nature, claims which seemed mutually exclusive in the earlier films but came to be synthesized in the later ones—primarily by the director's realization that his commitment to his art was capable of making such a synthesis. Like Truffaut, Renoir was extremely prolific, a man who had fun making films, giving them a perpetual spirit of breezyness, casualness, easyness, and apparent artlessness.

This spirit has led many critics of both Truffaut and Renoir to dismiss several of the films (particularly the sunniest ones) as "minor" in comparison to the heaviest ones against which they are inevitably measured. But these comic works of acceptance, synthesis and sunshine (say, Renoir's *The River*, *The Golden Coach*, and *French Cancan* or Truffaut's *Stolen Kisses*, *Day for Night*, and *Small Change*) are perhaps as "minor" as *The Marriage of Figaro*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, or *City Lights*.

The 400 Blows ended without an ending—with what was, at the time, a startling and rare visual effect (subsequently debased into the most obligatory of movie and television cliches). Antoine Doinel has been ceaselessly running, away from the prison of his childhood life, toward what?—he doesn't know. He finally arrives at the edge of the sea and stops, for he can run no further. He turns back toward the land, in the direction from which he has been running. And the moving image suddenly freezes, stops, loses its motion and becomes a still photograph. Where can he go? What can he do? What is to come? What will he become? What is there to become? Truffaut's first feature film ends with a question mark—for us and for himself. *Small Change* is the most recent of his answers.

Gerald Mast

Gerald Mast is author of *The Comic Mind: Comedy and the Movies* (Bobbs-Merrill).

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Books Considered

Hollywood's Hollywood: The Movies About the Movies by Rudy Behlmer and Tony Thomas

(The Citadel Press; $19.95)

Hollywood Babylon by Kenneth Anger

(Straight Arrow Books; $14.95)

Growing Up in Hollywood by Robert Parrish

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $10)

The Hollywood Posse by Diana Serra Cary

(Houghton Mifflin; $8.95)

Revitalize Hollywood by Sheldon Davidow

(Revitalize Hollywood Committee; n.p.)

Although movie-making has become a world-wide industry, no other film center has taken on that peculiar connotation of vision and venality that we associate with Hollywood. Perhaps that is because Hollywood is such a uniquely American phenomenon, created out of the fusion of three powerful strains in our national culture; the westering impulse, the dream of success, and the quest for a new life in an ideal community. Myths, both potent and petty, spring from such deep-seated sources, and Hollywood inevitably became a kind of El Dorado of the popular imagination—the source and subject of much American mythology.

The Hollywood myth has been exploited by real estate hucksters, studio publicists, fan magazines, and gossip columnists. Over the years it fed on the scandal and glamour of the movie business. Meanwhile, the myth and the money attracted, and often disappointed, generations of seekers and cynics. Sensing the public's fascination with the motion picture colony, the studios ground out hundreds of movies about Hollywood and movie-making. These films are refractions of the myth, and they have been conveniently catalogued for us by Rudy Behlmer and Tony Thomas in *Hollywood's Hollywood*.

Some of these movies about the movies, including *Sullivan's Travels, A Star is Born, The Big Knife, The Bad and the Beautiful, Singin' In the Rain*, and Hart and Kaufman's recently rediscovered *Once In a Lifetime*, are among the most interesting products of the studio era. Such pictures, reinforced by the Hollywood publicity mills, shaped the public's perception of the movie capital as a tinselled dream town.

A few films, like *The Big Knife*, accentuated the darker side of Hollywood life, but even these exposés traded on the unique glamour of their setting. (The characters may be miserable, but see how they live—a roomful of Rouaults!) And most of the low-budget pot-boilers which purported to depict Hollywood in its more work-a-day aspects relied on comparable, though less subtle, stratagems.

Hollywood, to explore just one example, is about a girl from the Midwest who comes to Hollywood looking for work at the studios. As she goes about finding a job, shopping, and even catching a bus, she encounters dozens of famous movie personalities. She doesn't recognize them, but of course the audience does. The effect is inescapable. Where else but Hollywood could an ordinary working girl hope to meet the likes of Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Will Rogers, Gloria Swanson (to name just a few of the stars who make cameo appearances)? Many other stories about Hollywood, Behlmer and Thomas remind us, followed the same pattern.

What are we to make of the 200 or so films Hollywood has made about itself? The authors offer us little analysis and few conclusions. They are nostalgia merchants, not critics or historians. Typically they treat classics and pot-boilers with equal amounts of strained reverence. Still, *Hollywood's Hollywood*, with its repetitious but straightforward plot summaries, does allow readers to venture their own judgments on this narcissistic genre.

Not unexpectedly, these movies give us the movie business as the movie-makers wanted us to perceive it—in soft focus. Except for surface details, Hollywood's portrayal of itself seems even less trustworthy than its treatment of life in the rest of America. Many of these movies are about the price of success. The theme seems quite consciously calculated to justify the lofty status of the movie people themselves (See what we had to sacrifice for all this!). Having aroused the awe and the envy of the audience, the plot consoles the public by leaving it with a sense of relief at not having to bear the heavy burdens of such success.

But even the most self-conscious documents sometimes reveal covert attitudes. There is discernible in these films a powerful strain of hostility directed at the people who buy the tickets. Individually they are portrayed as simpletons; collectively they are a dreaded affliction—the "locusts" of Nathanael West. In this respect, the movie-makers' contempt for their audience seems to parallel prostitutes' contempt for their clients. Writers, in particular, frequently expressed such feelings. This attitude, natural enough for creative people caught up in a mass production system, suggests a certain sense of artistic self-loathing—perhaps for having sold out to the tastes of the masses.

What I take to be Hollywood's ambivalence towards itself and its audience has its mirror image in Kenneth Anger's *Hollywood Babylon*. Here many of the familiar elements of Hollywood mythology have been warped into a predictable counter-myth. Concoted to satisfy the locust's need to believe the worst about the very celebrities they have enshrined, it constitutes another form of vicarious self-contempt.

Mixing glitter and gore, *Hollywood Babylon* is an illustrated catalog of atrocity and innuendo. Kenneth Anger rehashes every sex and dope scandal, from Fatty Arbuckle to Robert Mitchum. He exhumes every stale chronicle of self-destruction, Wallace Reid and John Gilbert, Judy Garland and Marilyn Monroe. And for ghoulish good measure he treats us to a series of revolting photographs, typified by a picture of the bullet-riddled face of Bugsy Siegel. For the reader, the effect is rather like being taken on a guided tour whose itinerary includes only whore-houses and slaughter-houses.

Hollywood Babylon is a loathsome book. The publisher proffers this dose of harsh reality as an antidote for our tendency to over-sentimentalize the old

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Harlow and Gable

by Richard Striner

Hollywood, but Anger's "facts" too often consist of misleading photos and titillating, but unsubstantiated, headlines. As exposé this is nothing more than nostalgia laced with squalor. It only adds to the miasma of gossip and sensationalism that has always obscured our perception of Hollywood.

Many American writers, including some of the best, have tried to demystify Hollywood and the movie business. The anti-Hollywood novel, for instance, has been a staple of our literature ever since the 1930s, as Leslie Fiedler pointed out in *Waiting For The End*. But those fictions, usually written by embittered novelists (like Fitzgerald) who failed to make the grade as screenwriters, give us a uniformly jaundiced view of their subject. Indeed, they now constitute one of the main sources of the Hollywood myth, just as the disillusioned writer is one of its familiar stereotypes.

Still, the town has had its acute observers. They are not usually to be found among the seekers—people who came to Hollywood looking for some kind of artificial paradise—nor among those writers who were outsiders craving to be insiders. Usually the best accounts are by visitors who weren't dependent upon Hollywood. Like ethnologists they could view the scene with detachment, their unique perspectives enabling them to detect patterns of behavior taken for granted by the natives. Above all, the best reporters generally managed to avoid all the love-hate commonplaces so typical of most Hollywood literature. One thinks particularly of Otis Ferguson and Edmund Wilson, writers whose occasional dispatches from Hollywood are models of good sense and shrewd perception. Wilson's observation, for instance, that Hollywood was, for writers, very much a mill town, both anticipates and explains the anti-Hollywood novel.

Of course, there are details of community life that no visitor, however prescient, is likely to grasp. For a more intimate sense of the life of a place we must rely on the aborigines, not the ethnologists. In the case of Hollywood, these are the people who grew up there, and for whom tinsel-town was not the focus of some extravagant fantasy, but an ordinary universe.

Among the best accounts of Hollywood life, from an aboriginal perspective, are recent reminiscences by Robert Parrish and Dianna Serra Cary—both former child actors, for whom Hollywood was merely a home town. For them the glamour of the town would not obscure the unique network of things and relations from which a place takes on its distinctive character. As Edmund Carpenter has written: "When natives talk about their own world, they speak about how things smell, taste, feel, sound . . . . " Both Parrish and Cary are keenly alert to the everyday details that shaped their experience of Hollywood life. Parrish puts the whole enterprise in perspective when he writes:

> *I suppose if I had lived in Scranton, Pennsylvania, I might have wanted to be a coal miner, or in Pittsburgh, a steelworker. As it was I lived in a factory town and the factories produced movies . . . . People went to work early and came home late, and the assembly line at each of the big studios turned out one feature film per week, more than five hundred films per year.*

Growing Up in Hollywood is an autobiographical account of a worker in this factory, his rise from unskilled worker (extra, "dupe-negative measurer," cutter) to master craftsman (Academy Award winning editor of *Body and Soul*) to upper management (director). Parrish is an honest, unpretentious and engaging writer who makes the movie world seem commonplace—as it must have been for him.

Still, much of the appeal of this book—as it was with so many of the movies

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about Hollywood—is that it is about what seems to the rest of us to be a rather special world. One wonders how many people would bother to read the corresponding account of a steelworker's climb from mill hand to manager. What steelworker could match Parrish's witty account of being hired by the Los Angeles DA to spy on Mae West's bodyguards; or his behind-the-scenes report on the making of *Body and Soul*; or his life-size characterization of the all too legendary John Ford?

Parrish is best known as a fine editor who became an ordinary assignment director. No *auteur*, he was simply an honest workman in the old Hollywood tradition. At that time apprenticeship meant more than university degrees. Once when Parrish wanted to watch John Ford in action, the director ordered him off the set: "Get back to the cutting room. That's where you learn about directing." We shouldn't be surprised, then, that Parrish has so little to say about the "art of the cinema" or the mystique of the director.

Like so many Hollywood memoirs, this one is anecdotal, not analytical. Yet in this case the anecdotes go beyond mere gossip; they manage to convey something of the work ethic of the real Hollywood pros—their deep respect for experience, craftsmanship, and detail, qualities that for so many years made the Hollywood product superior to its foreign competition. *Growing Up in Hollywood* also conveys something of the *esprit de corps* that characterized the best of the studio production units. (The finest directors of that era—John Ford and Frank Capra, for example—recognized this creative component and exploited it by repeatedly drawing on a regular "stock company" of actors, writers, and technicians.) It is evident from the tenor of his book that Parrish is a likeable fellow and a good team man. Those attributes, perhaps more than his talents, explain his success in the studio system. Certainly they account for his close working relations with so many Hollywood artists and craftsmen, friendships which he delineates with great skill, warmth and good humor.

Parrish also witnessed something of the intellectual life that had once caused Thomas Mann to remark that Hollywood was more intellectually stimulating and cosmopolitan than Paris or Munich had ever been. Of course, Mann was not beyond believing that his presence alone was enough to make any place a center of culture, and he would become disenchanted with this place soon enough. But, through the 1940s and early 1950s, as Parrish attests, the home of Salka Viertel, an expatriate German screenwriter, was a salon for Huxley, Isherwood, Mann, Brecht, Hanns Eisler and other refugee intellectuals. Parrish is too generous of spirit to remind us that it was two particularly vicious variations of Hollywood gossip-mongering—the HUAC hearings and the blacklist—that broke up this coterie.

The Hollywood Posse tells of another group of exiles—that small band of displaced ranch hands who caught on in Hollywood as riding extras, doubles, and stunt men. With the passing of the cattle frontier, their westering impulse had brought them to the edge of the continent at about the same time the movie-makers arrived from the East.

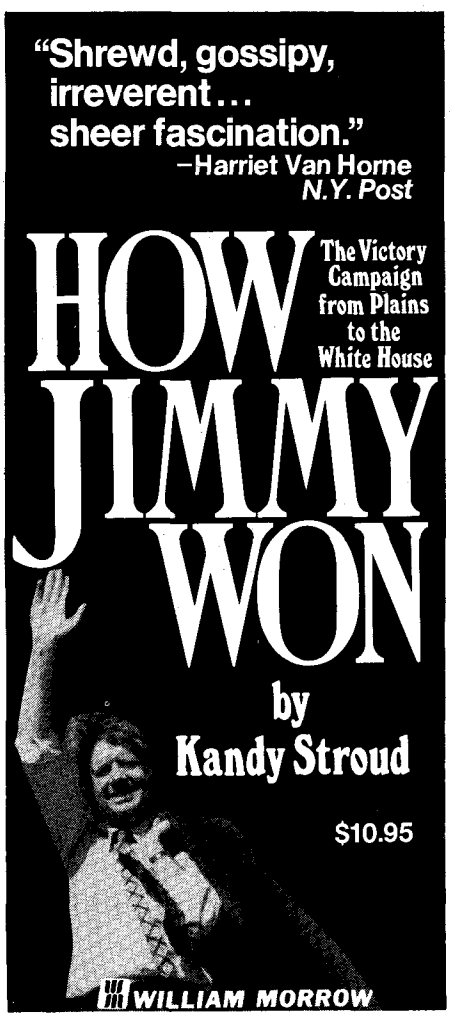
It has always been understood that Hollywood recycled in celluloid the frontier myths. Now Diana Cary's memoir reminds us that Hollywood was itself a part of the frontier tradition. And given the movie industry's role in shaping an image of America for both domestic and foreign consumption, this association suggests a new dimension of meaning for Frederick Jackson Turner's statement that "the frontier is the line of the most rapid and effective Americanization."

The Hollywood Posse, like Turner's study of the frontier, is about an ending. As Diana Cary puts it, "the cowboys' Hollywood . . . constituted a sort of unofficial Burial Ground of the Elephants for old-time Western figures." (Pawnee Bill, Charles Russell, and Wyatt Earp were among the great westerners who settled in Hollywood.) Capturing as it does the mood of frontiersmen witnessing the closing of their era, Cary's memoir invites comparison with another elegy for the last generation of pioneers, John Steinbeck's "A Leader of the People."

The story of these uprooted westerners deserves to be told, not simply as a nostalgic footnote to movie history, but as a chapter in the history of the American frontier. That is what Diana Cary has done and she is well suited to tell this tale. Her father, an early member of the "Hollywood posse," was a former ranch-hand who alternated between jobs as a riding extra and unsuccessful efforts to operate a ranch of his own. Like Robert Parrish, Cary grew up in Hollywood and worked in the movies, first as a child star ("Baby Peggy"), then as an extra. In recent years she has been a magazine writer specializing in Western Americana. Her clear-eyed tribute to the Gower Gulch cowboys combines the insider's awareness of detail with a genuine feeling of affection for these men with whom she shared a unique way of life. Those qualities give Cary's narrative its authenticity, whether she is explaining the mechanics of the Running W stunt, documenting the callous sacrifice of men and animals for exciting visual effect, or recounting the impact of the Depression on Hollywood extras.

The Hollywood cowboys were bound together by their lingo and by an informal code of honor that carried over from their days on the range. The author includes a fascinating chapter on the Hollywood usage of old range terms like "gunsil," "scissorbills," "barflies," and "calf money." And there really was, Cary claims, a "Code of the West" based on honesty, loyalty, courage, and generosity. It was the cowboys' secret weapon in the Hollywood "world of egocentric, cynical and crafty barbarians." The cowboys' adherence to the code enabled them to retain a sense of personal dignity even though, as extras, they were near the bottom of the social and economic order.

But Hollywood remained a dream



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town, even for the studio proletariat. As one of Cary's down-and-out neighbors said, "In Hollywood there's always one chance in a million that something really big will happen to you." And although nothing really big happened to them, Cary's self-reliant cowboys fell for that "prefabricated fantasy called Hollywood," too. It was the only place left where they could "go on playing cowboy for the rest of their lives."

Today the Gower Gulch ranch-hands have been succeeded by the midnight cowboys of the Sunset Strip, and it is the Hollywood counter-myth, typified by Kenneth Anger's seamy vision, that seems to prevail. Hollywood has become a community beset by all the familiar urban ills: a large transient population, declining property values, soaring crime rates, and a high turnover of shoddy, short-term business ventures (massage parlors and other sex-for-sale enterprises).

Recently a group of Hollywood citizens confronted these problems and produced a report full of practical measures for revitalizing their community. But even pragmatists need dreams; these civic reformers were unwilling to disavow the Hollywood myth altogether. As their report puts it, "the Hollywood of the myth and mirage can provide the central theme and rallying point for creating today's and tomorrow's community."

An unlikely inspiration, for by now the Hollywood myth, always shallow, has become tainted. In an age without great visions we seem all too willing to settle for paltry dreams. D. H. Lawrence had our number, all right, when he observed that Americans "prefer their truth safely swaddled in an ark of bulrushes, and deposited among the reeds" waiting to be rediscovered. "Well," he went on, "it's high time that someone came to lift out the swaddled infant of truth that America spawned sometime back. The child must be growing pretty thin, from neglect." In Hollywood the truth is well hidden—the reeds grow taller and thicker there.

William Hughes

William Hughes is a co-author of *The Historian and Film* (Cambridge Univ. Press).

B. Traven: An Introduction
by Michael L. Baumann

(University of New Mexico Press; $9.50)

The Mystery of B. Traven
by Judy Stone

(William Kaufmann; $6.95)

If Shakespeare lived today, his privacy and freedom to work in peace would be constantly breached: by Hollywood and TV moguls tempting him to shelve *Hamlet* or drop an unprofitable art-form like the sonnet for the handsomer rewards of talk shows and scenario writing; by groupies and innocent pests lusting after autographs; by shadowy acquaintances dragging him into the law courts on grounds that they were caricatured in the "person" of Falstaff, Bardolph or Juliet's nurse; by a hundred promoters with a hundred schemes for doubling his fortune. B. Traven, author of *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* and *The Death Ship*—which cut the widest furrow and was translated into 32 or more languages—went to uncommon lengths to protect himself from encroachments of this sort. "Who cares," he asked plaintively, "who wrote Shakespeare?"

A spate of reporters and would-be biographers *have* cared who B. Traven was and they include an East German professor who gave up 10 years of his life probing the mystery. Michael Baumann's book is at the core a literary study, but he recognizes that biographical and textual problems may be interwoven and his chapter on Traven's identity should open up paths to future biographers.

In the early 1900s Ret Marut, an announced and pronounced anarchist who was thought to be a native San Franciscan, played minor roles on the German stage. (*Marut* is an Indo-Aryan word for *storm* and it may only be coincidence that Gerard Gales is the protagonist of *The Death Ship*.) Drawing money from unknown sources, Marut became a book publisher, edited a magazine, *Der Ziegelbrenner*, which was vehemently anti-government during World War I, and proved he had luck or magic by escaping censorship. Rumor had it that he was kept on a longer leash than government policy warranted because he was Wilhelm II's illegitimate son. At the war's end Marut took to the barricades in a short-lived Bavarian revolt and was slated to be tried by a military court. He escaped and in fact vanished from public records. Parallels, however, between Gales, the passportless American sailor of *The Death Ship*, and Marut suggest that he left Germany and reached Mexico no later than 1923. There are indications too that he was an illegal alien long before he latched on to Mexican citizenship and that his freedom and possibly his life depended on masquerade.

In 1924 the name B. Traven first came to light: letters from Mexico informed German publishers that he was readying some manuscripts. A serialized story by Traven appeared in a German socialist paper and in 1926 the German—and earliest—version of *The Death Ship* excited wide attention and almost fulfilled his boast that he was going to "light up the world with flames." The German version of *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* was a best seller, but the book raised no fires here until the John Huston movie starring Humphrey Bogart served notice that Traven was an immensely gifted storyteller. His fame touched off questions. Why, for example, had no one ever come forward and acknowledged, "I am B. Traven"?

When "Hal Croves" died in Mexico City in 1969, his wife and his friends

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insisted Croves had played an elaborate charade in representing himself as Traven's business agent. Still, if Croves was Traven, who was Ret Marut? And Traven Torsvan? And the *Erlebnisträger*—stand in—whom a Swiss writer pictured as a source of Traven's proletarian stories?

According to Croves's widow, Ret Marut was simply the younger Traven. Baumann himself finds Marut's fingerprints scattered across Traven's work and shows that in some cases Traven practically lifted passages from *Der Ziegelbrenner*. All the same, Baumann argues, Traven's *oeuvre* reveals an insider's knowledge of Mexico before 1920, when Marut was still part of the German scene. Hence the Swiss writer's belief that Marut revised the manuscripts of the *Erlebnistrager*, turning them into German and giving them a literary texture. Was the *Erlebnisträger* Traven Torsvan, who was born in Chicago or on a midwestern farm, claimed Norwegian parents, ran away from home before he could yield up his illiteracy, came to Mexico about 1914, and closed out his shadow-existence by vanishing neatly into the Mexico jungle? Too neatly, Baumann holds.

Just as fascinating as the lives of these Traven *personae*, it seems to me, are the motives behind his complicated game-playing, apart from his desire to be left alone and serenely use his creative powers. Perhaps valid clues can be drawn from the biographers of Stendhal, whose inventive pen names and aliases sounded like a role call of the Foreign Legion. Stendhal imagined he was illegitimate. He was ugly and needed Machiavellian duplicities to break down the resistance of beautiful women. He talked too much and wrote too much for a man under police suspicion. Unlike Stendhal, Traven resented the implications of illegitimacy and in imagination escaped it by attaching Norwegian parents to midwesterner Traven Torsvan. Hal Croves, Traven's alleged alter ego, was far from ugly, but he was a short, greying man who dressed in shapeless khakis the day he appeared on the set of *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* to act as technical advisor. By representing himself as the author's agent, he took the spotlight away from his unimpressiveness and shielded Traven from ridicule. Even more prolific than Stendhal, Traven fired off 25-page letters to John Huston. They were acts of self-indulgence and self-exposure, but his invisibility (suggestive of the Emperor's new clothes) protected Traven against embarrassment.

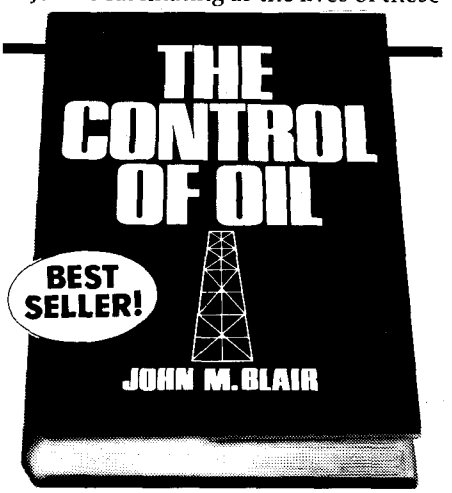
Croves maintained a curious spirit of play with his own family, writing at night on an upper floor he called the Bridge, designating himself as the skipper, addressing his wife—the one person he admitted to this sanctum—as his first officer, and giving orders to his foster daughters in a sustained pretense that they were members of his crew. More than assuring him privacy during his work hours, this masquerade caressed the ego of a proud man who had suffered bitter humiliations at sea observing "life from the bottom of the stokehold."

A stokehold may be the schoolroom of proto-anarchists, as O'Neill suggested in *The Hairy Ape*, but Traven derived his anarchism from a variety of sources, including Max Stirner's *The Ego and His Own*, and Baumann fills many—too many—pages summarizing this German classic. Though Stirner was pitifully henpecked, he despised intellectual cowardice, wielded a long bow as a champion of individualism, influenced Nietzsche, and left his mark on Traven's short stories, novels and solitary book of non-fiction. (*Land des Frühlings* still awaits English translation and it is unfortunate that Baumann covers it with a dozen strokes of the pen, for the ideas of this Mexican travel book permeate almost everything Traven wrote.)

Touching on a handful of European authors as well as Melville, Thoreau, Poe, Mark Twain, and others who might have influenced Traven, Baumann starts hares indubitably worth pursuing. His analysis of "the language question" points to blunders a native German or native American would have avoided and heightens the mystery of Traven's beginnings. (Marut did nothing for future biographers by declaring that he was born on a ship and was therefore a man without a country.) Baumann is at his independent best when he quarrels with critics who draw a narrow circle around Traven and label him a proletarian writer. The most provocative chapter is a scholarly and shrewd examination of the Traven puzzle. Baumann's inconclusiveness subtracts not at all from the fascination of the puzzle.

Judy Stone, movie and play critic, believes she has come as near as anyone to unmasking the pseudonymous author. "Anyone" may even include Hal Croves's widow, who has joined "the club" and is doing a book on Traven. Stone was entertained repeatedly at Croves's Mexico City home in the 1960s. Though her host refused to bring Traven forward, he spoke like the ultimate insider about Traven's art and social values. He was a script writer by his own account, alert and peppery in spite of his advanced age, and partly protected from reporters by deafness; in his conversations they figured as the collective Enemy trying to break down the walls of his private life. His confidences with Stone were a risk-taking, but for the ex-revolutionary who had escaped a firing squad—if we accept that Croves and Marut were one—these confidences must have had the tang of an adventure. Stone, however, saw Croves as a man weighed down by scruples, lying only when badgered and threatened, and wriggling around uncomfortably in his dual life rather than regarding it as a happy proof of his artistry. Mrs. Croves approved Stone's cautions and warned that if her husband was questioned too closely about his relations with Traven he would run away.

Stone offers a lively story of Marut's experiences in the Bavarian revolution and of German Jews who worked with Marut to set up a quickly extinguished



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socialist republic. Five of these leaders died by violence, but their short triumph served the high priests of anti-Semitism and enabled Hitler to explain that Germany lost the 1914 war because the country was plagued with Jewish traitors. Traven's books and Croves's conversations threw off hints of anti-Semitism and hatred of the Germans—this in defiance of the fact that each of Traven's books was first published in Germany.

Croves's death in 1969 was peaceful. Hundreds attended his funeral. The school children of an obscure Indian village were given a holiday on the assumption that Croves *was* Traven and the urn holding the dead man's ashes was put on view in an Indian home chosen as "the 'most humble' in Ocosingo."

James Walt

James Walt is professor of English at the University of Maryland.

Dalton Trumbo by Bruce Cook

(Scribner's; $12.50)

Dalton Trumbo was one of the best known screenwriters in Hollywood, and one of the only ones whose name became widely known to the American public. His prodigous list of credits includes *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo, Kitty Foyle, A Guy Named Joe, The Brave One* (written during the blacklist and awarded an Oscar in 1957), *Exodus, Spartacus,* and *Papillon,* one of the last pictures he worked on before he died. Trumbo also came into the public eye as a leading spokesman for the Hollywood Ten, the group of blacklisted writers who went to jail for refusing to give names to the House Un-American Activities Committee.

Bruce Cook's biography of Trumbo initially reads like an eccentric version of the Horatio Alger myth. Trumbo drops out of college during the depression and supports his poverty stricken family by working nights in a bakery. He kites checks and bootlegs just to make ends meet. His first break comes with the publication of an article in *Vanity Fair* and a subsequent meeting with Clare Booth Brokaw. With a pertinacity that would become characteristic of all his endeavors Trumbo works his way up through the major studios to become one of the highest paid writers in Hollywood, earning $4000 a week in the years before the blacklist.

But the success story has a broader side. Though Trumbo lives the grand style from the beginning, travelling around in a chauffeur-driven Chrysler on a $350-a-week salary, he also continually speaks his mind on all issues in a way not usually characteristic of opportunistic Hollywood personalities. And though an "instinctive capitalist" with an obvious tendency to conspicuous consumption, he throws his career on the line by joining the Communist party.

In one respect the seeming duplicity is not unusual in Hollywood where for some writers politics affords a means of personal expression, not found in the constant collaborations and compromises of screenwriting. But in Trumbo's case the explanation is too simple. Trumbo was a genius of public relations who was as drawn to controversy as he was to wealth. And while Cook evades the issue, it is apparent from the events described that the showmanship and temptation to instant notoriety that made him a Hollywood celebrity were equally at work in his growth as a political figure. Early in his career he earns the enmity of the more conservative factions in Hollywood by playing a major role in the dispute between the Screen Playwrights and the Screen Writers Guild, led by John Howard Lawson. Trumbo's involvement lands him on the board of the Screen Writers Guild and establishes him as a leading figure in the often bitter fighting between varying unions and between the unions and the studios. But the continuing battles seemed to intrigue him more because of power and rivalry than for the ideas. And outside his

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courageousness as a longtime defender of basic human rights, Trumbo's almost contemptuous attitude toward doctrinaire politics is best evinced when he comments, "I never considered the working class anything other than something to get out of."

Unfortunately this flirtation with notoriety deflected Trumbo's attention away from the kind of serious writing he had always wanted to do. In the midst of his career as a screenwriter he does take time out to write *Johnny Got His Gun*, which wins him the National Book Award in 1939 (and later, in film form, the International Critics Award at Cannes). The inventiveness and power of the book are evidence of a major talent. And Trumbo receives the kind of encouragement that might be expected to sustain commitment to more serious work. But though he constantly talks of repeating the performance he never does. Instead he concentrates his energy on grinding out numerous screenplays under a variety of pseudonyms. His ability to write his way into money and the good life (in spite of the blacklist) leaves little time for the more ambitious literary projects which continually pass through his mind. In a sense Trumbo's constant need to occupy the limelight prevented him from being the man he wanted to be.

The villain of the story could be Hollywood, whose financial rewards have often been accused of thwarting the careers of those destined for more imaginative pursuits. And Trumbo's obvious obsession with living well might support this. But in many ways Trumbo seems to have been the victim of himself. This might be explained by his ability and desire to live life to the full, though from a more negative point of view it appears to be the result of a need for immediate gratification which the literary life doesn't always offer. For most writers and public figures the demands of art and truth become somewhat compromised by the desire for acceptance. In this case the dichotomy is more aggravated. Expression and self-love, the desire to speak and the desire to be heard lie in direct opposition. Bruce Cook's haphazardly written book covers this conflict over with a patina of simplistic adulation. But the facts imply a more complex portrait that has yet to be revealed.

Francis Levy

Francis Levy is editor of books on film for Grove Press.

Changing by Liv Ullmann

(Knopf; $8.95)

Cast of Thousands by Anita Loos

(Grosset & Dunlap; $15.95)

After finishing Liv Ullmann's autobiographical mood-piece, *Changing*, one feels rather ashamed of the question that originally prompted its reading: So what's it like to live with Ingmar Bergman? Ullmann, who has spent a lot of her life being the Swedish director's favorite star, answers the curious only in the most cryptic fashion: they fight, they love, they have a child, "the Adoration disappeared . . . he was vain and egotistical . . . " but little is detailed. The reader must take most of Liv Ullmann on faith.

At the end of the book, star and director engage in a spat that begins with him hissing at her over her extensive publicity and ends with her amazing retaliation (crawling into a crate and pulling the lid over her head) but all this occurs long after they have separated, when Ullmann is merely, once again, his actress in *Face to Face*, Bergman's worst movie. And that is yet another thing Ullmann refuses to recognize about her former lover.

What Liv Ullmann has written is an engaging account of what it's like to be Liv Ullmann: to be in Oslo one day, and in LA the next; to dine on lobsters and champagne with 400 guests in Cannes, one of whom worships her in French, a language she doesn't understand; to date Henry Kissinger—not that she ever tells us what Kissinger is like on a date, which would certainly be an intriguing revelation, just that she gives us a fair idea of what it's like to benefit from all the publicity that attends such a gesture.

The odyssey of the actress from child to woman is entirely (occasionally tediously) internal, which is surely part of the reason why her answers to our questions are so oblique. But there is also a portion of Ullmann that seems to be ashamed of having written this book in the first place. How else to account for the fact that she occasionally refers to herself in the third person—especially when she is writing the most delicate episodes: her affair with an unnamed married man, for instance? ("'I can never live without you,' he lies to her in the sun.")

How else to account for the purposeful omissions, omissions not merely of names, incidents and motivations, but of whole portions of sentences? Liv Ullmann writes, as often as not, entirely without verbs and pronouns, which is why we get such unfortunate sentences as "Dancing School." or "The wallflowers of my generation." or—and this is an entire opening paragraph—"School."

Worse still, she doesn't seem to know the language well enough to recognize a screaming cliche when she writes one: "Love has many faces"—oh my . . . . Those that she doesn't invent, she borrows from others: "There's a young girl in me who refuses to die," she quotes again and again from the Danish author Tove Ditlevsen, who should be shot for such inspiration. But the point about Liv Ullmann, of course, and the point of her book is that the young girl is dead. How she died we never discover entirely, but the person who writes, "One thing I learned: That a husband is a sort of alibi for a woman," is no longer a girl.

The virtues of *Changing*—and there are several—are mostly inadvertant; its revelations are at least partially unconscious. One of the things the reader can surmise (although it is of course never said, not once) is that although Bergman has since married someone else, Ullmann is still in love with him; and that he, moreover, has married someone who looks like her, for whatever that's worth. The other discovery is that Liv Ullmann is eminently likable. The book jacket talks about her "directness"; she is not direct. She is a very good actress, and I do not know any actress who ever felt comfortable playing herself.

"I want the public to see through Nora's mask . . . " she writes of her efforts in playing the heroine of *A Doll's House*. With that role she feels most comfortable. As her book reveals, Ullmann is one very smart lady, so perhaps she knows how much she is saying when she cracks Nora's mask for her public. But I suspect that—like Nora—Liv Ullmann wants to tell and yet not to tell.

About Anita Loos's book *Cast of Thousands* there isn't a whole lot to say, except that it is a large book, full of the likes of Paulette Goddard, Gypsy Rose Lee and Anita Loos's maid, Gladys Tipton Turner, and therefore suitable for any coffee table.

The years since she wrote *Gentlemen*

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Prefer Blondes have turned the author into an unbearable name-dropper, as those who read her earlier book, *Kiss Hollywood Goodbye*, will know. Of course it can be most enjoyable to read the memoirs of a name-dropper (that being the general business of memoirs these days, anyway) provided the dropper manifests some insight into the Name. This unfortunately is not the case with Anita Loos, who has the most embarrassing way with epithets.

For reasons best known to her, she once consented to meet with Mussolini, a circumstance that now permits her to call him—and herself—"smart cookies," as in the sentence, "So of those three smart cookies who met that day in Il Duce's office, I was to come out the winner. Mussolini's attempt to rip off his country failed . . . But I had the advantage of having been schooled by Wilson Mizner."

Of Mizner, Loos now gasps, "Our situation, like most of life's verities, can be best described in a cliche. It was stronger than we were." Of Palm Beach social life she does indeed write, "I was to learn with an optimism worthy of my angelic mother, that it's always darker just before the dawn."

To her Sigmund Freud is a "nasty old man," a rather endearing characterization, actually; Aldous Huxley admirable largely, one suspects, because he liked her book; and William Faulkner mentioned because he was yet another devotee. It is an entirely solipsistic account, the famous and the infamous portrayed only as they relate to the author and/or to sex. H. L. Mencken for instance, preferred her ancient enemy, the witless blonde, to her. "I'll fix her," Anita Loos decided, and that is how *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* was born.

The problem seems to be that by now the author has convinced herself that every word in that old satire is true. "Intelligence in a female can only be an asset to sex if it is well-disguised," she writes these days. Oh well. I'd like to call her a liar; I'd like to say she is dead wrong, but I have learned that Loos may be right on target there—and she sought out the very men who would reinforce that conviction. After all, women over the age of 83 (that is the only clue she gives to her actual age) who still refer to their old selves as "girls" and "cuties" have probably had a lot of experience disguising their intelligence.

Judy Bachrach

Judy Bachrach writes for the "Style" section of *The Washington Post*.

Slow Fade to Black: The Negro in American Film, 1900-1942

By Thomas Cripps

(Oxford; $19.95, $5.95 paper)

In his sober, thorough, eminently fair-minded new book, Thomas Cripps writes about an obscure area of American film history—the treatment of blacks before 1942. The survey includes an account of mainstream Hollywood—blacks in big studio films—and the story of independent production. Both aboveground and below, black performers were exploited, compromised and virtually powerless. The history of blacks on film and behind the scenes charts a dismal record of racial stereotyping and economic suppression,

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but Cripps is a delightful optimist who seeks and applauds signs of enlightenment and generosity, no matter how modest. He cites fair treatment and gestures of accommodation whenever he can, uncovering early documentaries about life in Africa, for instance, that achieved a surprisingly realistic texture, pointing to an upsurge in black employment in the early sound era (black voices were supposed to record more effectively than white ones), and commenting favorably on major studio productions like *Uncle Tom's Cabin, Hallelujah, Green Pastures, Emperor Jones,* and *Gone With the Wind* which, despite their high fantasy dilutions and their stereotyping, Cripps feels provided general audiences with at least fragments of authentic black experience. Cripps sees these flawed but generally well-meaning projects as offering reinforcement for blacks and a kind of elementary education for white moviegoers.

Cripps (writing from a white man's perspective) seems grateful for each infinitesimal note of progress in the depiction of race, for each movement away from the repressive stereotypes of the Southern literary tradition, the patterns of which were set in the 19th century by white bigots. These stereotypes hover over the book like grim reapers. The Southern mode divided society into masters and slaves and rendered the black man as either a grinning, docile idiot who had no life apart from serving the plantation master, or a sexually threatening figure whose hulking, brooding presence was a continuously unsettling promise of violence or social revolution. The author's tone is that of a partial, indignant, but not militant historian whose convictions are supported by copious documentation.

Several films and individuals, *The Birth of a Nation,* Oscar Michaux, and Paul Robeson in particular, emerge in bold outline from among the voluminous details. *The Birth of a Nation* is the book's radical villain which Cripps in his openmindedness acknowledges is a great movie. Hollywood's first major epic, a work of torrential passion and sincerity, D.W. Griffith's film is also a vicious racist tract, one of the great embarrassments in American film history. It's a powerful drama that can still arouse wildly contradictory responses to its innovative technique and its neanderthal politics. Cripps returns to the film, as he must, again and again, to assert its dangerous depiction of the Ku Klux Klan as the saviors of antebellum graciousness and racial purity. In addition to examining Griffith's infuriating masterpiece for its crystallization of racial stereotyping, he also considers its impact on the NAACP. For over 30 years the group reacted to the film with unbridled wrath, and Cripps views this continuing hostility as having been harmful because it forced the NAACP to act as a repressive censorship lobby.

Cripps also offers a broad, balanced view of the accomplishments of the legendary Oscar Michaux, the most famous of the independent black producers, and the most long-lived, his career having begun in the early '20s and having survived, fitfully, and against enormous odds, well into the '40s. Michaux is characterized as a hustler and con artist who thrived on manipulations and self-glorification in order to hold his own against cutthroat competition and meagre financial resources. Michaux's gifts as a promoter and carnival barker were unevenly matched by his esthetic sensibilities. As Cripps notes, Michaux's movies weren't any good, being for the most part cheap black imitations of popular white genres. Like other black independents, Michaux tampered with moralistic stories of self-improvement, but most of his pictures were cut-rate urban crime dramas that feebly aped the prosperous Hollywood films and that were even more divorced from reality than their progenitors because there were no whites in them. Michaux's films portrayed a closed world in which black-white relationships were ignored.

Like most of the independent black movies, Michaux's films did not formulate a black manifesto. The financial pressures and the distribution problems were such that Michaux was relieved to get the films completed and into theatres, and the notions of developing a point of view and of conveying black experience realistically rather than exploitatively were simply refinements for which there was no time and virtually no precedent. The real drama occured behind the scenes; the true racial conflict ignited as Michaux tried to combat the powerful white-dominated production and distribution systems whose tentacles crippled and eventually destroyed the independents. Michaux survived, shakily, because he was as scrappy and resourceful as the shrewdest white promoter, but he could never rest easy; he never really made it because money remained in the hands of distrustful white entrepreneurs.

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Cripps also suggests that black audiences never fully responded to the all-black independent films. Black moviegoers seemed to prefer the glossy Hollywood fantasies to the small-budget race dramas, and Bing Crosby, Gary Cooper and Clark Gable were more popular in ghettoes than Josephine Baker or Noble Johnson. The indifference of many blacks may have explained Paul Robeson's difficulty in establishing himself. Robeson was an authentic black hero, alert to the symbolic ramifications of his presence; like Sidney Poitier in the '60s, he saw himself as a representative of his people. On a higher level than Michaux, he too failed, his film career plagued by compromised projects and by his European exile, which made him seem remote to general audiences. A true radical, an actor with great presence and an enlightened political perspective, Robeson never became a full-scale hero to blacks of his era.

Despite its dependence on literary stereotype and its uncritical view of Southern social stratification, Cripps applauds *Gone With the Wind* as a progressive film in its handling of race. Hattie McDaniel's presence (even as a maid), Cripps feels, accomplished more good than harm; like Faulkner's Dilsey, she endures, a great, vibrant earth mother, the sanest, warmest, most endearing character in the most popular film ever made. Cripps is even tolerant of the Stepin Fetchit archetype because at least a black man was visible on screen and because Fetchit (like the incomparably droll and sly Butterfly McQueen) mocked his image. Making covert fun of white people, these performers knew how to survive, and their work is coded with ironic signals of black wit and savvy.

The book is embellished with references to Hollywood's treatment of other minority groups like Indians, Orientals and immigrants, and, interestingly, with a kind of thumbnail sketch of Los Angeles social history. Segregated in Watts, locked away in their sprawling ghetto, blacks were invisible to whites. White producers knew nothing of the realities of black life in Watts, and sequestered blacks knew little of the white reality beyond the confines of Central Avenue. Cripps suggests that the heavy segregation in Los Angeles contributed to the naivete of black portraiture on film.

Cripps's somewhat arbitrary cut-off date is 1942. The author cites changes wrought by the war and gains won by the NAACP in its fights with film studios as inaugurating a new era in the depiction of race. But Cripps's firm, sensible study needs a forward glance: has the author's optimism been justified? Except in a few cases, has black experience really been treated forcefully, with integrity and passion, on film? Is *Shaft in Africa* more enlightened than the early jungle movies with their sleek dancing savages, and are the latest black crime films substantially different from the crude, imitative productions of an earlier period? Is the current crop of black exploitation films, with its overt racism and violent vengeance motifs, any more progressive than *The Birth of a Nation*?

Foster Hirsch

Foster Hirsch's book *Laurence Olivier on Film* will be published this fall by Simon & Schuster.

Preminger: An Autobiography

(Doubleday; $8.95)

During my first year in graduate school, I came across a short-lived but ambitious journal called *On Film*, edited by an intrepid movie buff and occasional friend, Thomas Russell. Sandwiched among one issue's tributes to Ophuls and Blake Edwards was a 30-page spread devoted to Otto Preminger, consisting of an introduction by Richard McGuinness, a lengthy interview with the director (conducted by Peter Bogdanovich), and various reviews and essays discussing recent films. The prefatory notes hailed Preminger's genius in the purplest prose: "Adventurous and stately camera movements . . . hypnotically evolving camera-actor relationships . . . today's most realistic and most optimistic director, and our most constructive artist." I turned to the interview, the first question of which was: "What particularly interested you about *Laura*?" The answer, from our most constructive artist:

The gimmick. You see, a suspense picture depends mainly on finding a new gimmick . . . a girl you thought was dead automatically becomes a murder suspect by walking into her own apartment . . . that helps.

Monographs, thesis-length studies, in-depth analyses of technique from a claque of cultists which reveres him, in the words of Vincent Canby on *Skidoo*, as "one of the most compleat of cinema auteurs"—and what bone of revelation does Preminger throw this fawning pack? *The gimmick*. The juxtaposition of that introduction and that interview came irresistibly to mind after I had finished *Preminger: An Autobiography*.

The impression most filmgoers have of Preminger—an impression *Preminger* does its damndest to uphold—is that of a canny, *gemütlich* director/producer, a crusading liberal spirit from the Old World, a sophisticate who deserves better than the crude Hollywood he has mastered. Under this adroit public-relations frosting, however, it's the same old dough: an operator as American as apple pie in his sensitivity to the mass audience; a surface rebel who delights in status, success, and *gelt*. As early as the third or fourth page of

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Preminger, Otto is basking in the benevolent interest of the Gilbert Millers, a Maharani, and a Grand Duke on a transatlantic voyage. The ship docks, and the young emigre is promptly whisked off to "21," where he manages a wide-eyed peek at a closet bulging with 30 of Jack Kriendler's suits. ("That could happen only in America.") And he is introduced as Dr. Preminger since, after all, most Americans are mad for titles.

One can't begrudge the man's love of luxury (a love he cheerfully acknowledges), but it might be wished that this profound interest didn't always extend to the box office at the expense of more recondite issues like art. This is, after all, the producer who staged that famous search for an unknown girl to play St. Joan, nostalgically remembered as the most publicized talent hunt in movie history. (No matter that Jean Seberg, the "winner," was a dud and the film a disaster.) This is the man who approvingly recalls Ben Hecht's vision of himself as "an employee . . . delivering a product on order" rather than as a skilled craftsman of light screen comedies. Then there is the aftermath of *Laura*, described by the author as follows:

> *The critics did not receive* Laura *with much enthusiasm. It didn't matter because audiences made* Laura *a phenomenal success . . . Joe Schenck wrote me a congratulatory letter and Zanuck began to ask me to his house in Palm Springs for weekends.*

This might be less depressing if Preminger were less intelligent. He is obviously cultivated, charming to friends, possessed of *mittel*-European *savoir-faire*. But the cultivation is, I'm afraid, cultivated: that personality, so demonstrably the heritage of Max Reinhardt (for whom Preminger worked in Vienna), is seen as the whole man. A fortuitous blend of circumstances—an invitation from Schenck and Twentieth Century-Fox; the imminence of Nazism in Austria—brought young Otto to America, where he proceeded to reap the benefits of an image made up of equal parts Viennese glamor and political exile. Since then, acumen, egotism and more luck have taken Preminger a long way. And much of the momentum has been provided by sheer critical obtuseness. Canby's review of *Skidoo*, for instance, pointed out the film's utter humorlessness, its anachronisms, and its reliance on San Francisco locations for visual panache, and then claimed that these flaws gave the movie the Preminger look. In other words: it's a mess, but it's a *Preminger mess.*

Preminger abounds in examples of such "luck," most of them designed to reflect favorably on the author. Congressmen push through a bill to get Otto's family into this country; Lee Shubert and the St. Regis staff offer free office and living space until Otto can make some money. (Nothing like Old World charm—even the Shuberts melt). Fate and hunches keep paying off in the best Hollywood-coincidental style: Otto promotes an unknown wardrobe woman at Fox and she turns into a scion of women's fashion; he fires Lana Turner after a quarrel over a costume and replaces her with Lee Remick, who then becomes a star. In Boston, the Church forbids Preminger's crew to shoot *The Cardinal*, but in Rome the Pope himself receives Otto and wife. (Take *that*, Cushing!)

As for Preminger's much-ballyhooed daring in the face of cardinals, the Breen Code, irate housewives, conservatives and timid studio chiefs, it all boils down to one salient fact: when he laid his prestige on the line in defense of a noble cause, the scripts in question were, without exception, trivial, commercial and uninteresting. Shooting off sparks of "controversy" and "fearlessness" in all directions, Preminger has attacked such queasy topics as addiction *(The Man with the Golden Arm)*, the Church *(The Cardinal)*, the disabled *(Tell Me that You Love Me, Junie Moon)*, politics and homosexuality *(Advise and Consent)*, Israel *(Exodus)*, and racism *(Hurry Sundown)*. All that boldness, uncomplicated by thought or cinematic ingenuity! It's heartwarming that Preminger insists that the multiracial cast of *Hurry Sundown* live as a group during the filming in Louisiana, but this liberalism doesn't improve the final result. It's audacious that he recruits Joseph Welch, hero of the Army-McCarthy hearings, to play a judge in *Anatomy of a Murder*, but the advantage gained is sensational, not esthetic. Those courageous moves and "large" themes don't extend beyond the press releases. Significantly, when Preminger tackles a work recalcitrant to newsy treatment, he's at his very worst—i.e., *St. Joan*. (And then he blames Shaw for the film's failure because there's nothing in the play to make people cry!)

Preminger might be forgiven its subject if we were given the slightest insight into *how* Preminger works. We learn a great deal about *Laura*—star crises, staff memos, Zanuck's lies, Winchell's bravos—but nothing about the shooting process. Ideas, attitude toward the material, point of view, camera placement—*nothing*. We're left with questions, and some very large ones at that. Why have all but a few of Preminger's 35 American movies come from pre-existing texts? Why have all those texts (with the exception of Shaw, Wilde and Gershwin) been trash novels or pulp dramas? Why, unlike Kubrick or even Hitchcock, can't Preminger budge beyond a third-rate source and create a valid film? Speculation, only speculation, for the author is a myopic observer and judge, whether of his own work or that of others. We may admire Laurence Olivier, Helen Hayes or Tallulah Bankhead, Otto informs us, but "we don't identify with them." (Even if this assumption weren't wildly simplistic, I'd object to that unlikely trio.) A chapter on Howard Hughes, crammed with bizarre incidents, left me feeling that I had known more about Hughes before Otto deigned to unveil his true nature. Ben Hecht, we're told, couldn't escape movies; otherwise he might have developed into "one of the greatest playwrights of all time." As to critics, Otto admits that "educated men and women" should judge plays and films, and then reels off names like Clive Barnes, Kathleen Carroll, Arthur Knight and Douglas Watt. Again and again, Preminger rams onto the rocks of misjudgement, omission, expediency or false revelation—or simply misses the boat.

Occasionally—like fool's gold imbedded in mud—minor items of interest crop up, usually related in a context best described as Hollywood Kafka. The powers at Fox insist that Preminger direct *Kidnapped* ("You can't refuse Zanuck!"), and when he agrees rather than return to Austria, studio interference drives the nail into the project's coffin. Opening *Anatomy of a Murder* in Chicago, Preminger is obliged to face the wrath of the local censorship panel: 12 policemen's widows, chaired by a near-blind ex-chauffeur. Much of the grotesquerie is unintentional: when Otto lambasts Rex Reed, the only analogy I could come up with was Scylla hissing at Charybdis. And there is one sequence (recounted in all seriousness) which even Kafka might have blinked at. Rehearsing *Junie Moon* at Liza Minelli's house due to the exigencies of her mother's funeral, Preminger and cast run into snarls when Garland's ex-makeup man is retained by Eva Gabor

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for *Green Acres* and is thus unable to fly east to supervise the embalming of Garland's face.

Other anecdotes or observations threaten to become interesting, but are dropped like hot potatoes: Reinhardt's unorthodox rehearsal methods; Barrymore's onstage hijinx; Preminger's own fondness for FDR, Nehru and courtrooms; thoughts on Hollywood's reluctance to transpose New York casts to the screen. Ah, but the minutiae, the minutiae! We get pure unadulterated name-dropping: "Albert Einstein attended the opening in Princeton" . . . "Joan (Crawford) has a complex about heat" . . . "I had the opportunity to meet and direct Helen Hayes and Vincent Price." There are dull wisecracks by various celebrities, apparently riotous because Otto is repeating them for us. Stories about Gertrude Lawrence, Hedy Lamarr, Otto in a Paris brothel, Otto taking LSD with Timothy Leary—all irrelevant. Recollections of Lubitsch's heart trouble, Tynan's sleazy practical jokes, starlets' declines into secretarial jobs—wholly gratuitous, and even a little sadistic.

Which brings us to the chief defect of *Preminger*: its style. Even if revelations aren't forthcoming in the book, I don't think it's too much to ask for some decently told gossip: shallow, insignificant tinsel, but at least entertaining. Even this protozoan level of attraction is missing. Kierkegaard once remarked that anyone who has genuine ideas has style immediately, so perhaps it's unremarkable that Preminger's lack of insight finds its voice in five different styles, all bad.

Style, content, insight, biography, criticism, history—by any standards except the author's own, *Preminger* is a monstrosity. At the end of the book, Otto (presumably) has scrawled in magic-marker: "To be continued—God willing." Let us pray for some unwritten ethical and esthetic code discouraging "autobiographies" such as this, implements of self-aggrandizement which tout rather than examine, smirk rather than confront, and which offer up commercial shrewdness, sensation and liberal ideology as elaborately constructed surrogates for artistry, accuracy and truth.

Steve Lawson

Steve Lawson is a Contributing Editor of *Yale/Theatre* and Literary Advisor to both Circle in the Square and the Williamstown Theatre.

Brief Reviews

Lindbergh Alone by Brendan Gill

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $11.95)

Those who cavil at the fame of basketball players, rock musicians and courtesans would do well to consider the phenomenon of Charles Lindbergh, a mail service pilot who 50 years ago next month flew solo across the Atlantic. We have grown sufficiently jaded by technology that Neil Armstrong, who walked on the surface of the moon in 1969, has remained anonymous ever since. Armstrong, however, has had the sense to cultivate his obscurity. Lindbergh was greeted by massive acclaim and public attention, unprecedented in American history, and unmatched since in intensity and endurance. He proceeded, in the best modern fashion, to accentuate the process—by publishing his memoir of the flight, marrying the daughter of a Morgan partner, flying around the world—until the publicity, coupled with the tragic kidnapping and murder of his son, turned him into an embittered recluse, expatriate and, ultimately, unwitting apologist for the Nazis.

The honeymoon lasted nearly two decades, from First American to America First, and the inevitable question from this end of the century is, why? What, after all, did he do that warranted such public hysteria? Why should we ever be interested in his massive wartime diaries, published a few years ago, or his pretentiously-titled *Autobiography of Values*, soon to be collated and spread about? The interest in Lindbergh, dear Brutus, lies not in the stars but in ourselves. Where is the void that is filled so brilliantly by the achievements of nonentities? Brendan Gill, who recently endorsed the proposition that the publisher of *Hustler* is the American equivalent of a Soviet dissident, does not supply the answer.

Laughing Last by Tony Hiss

(Houghton Mifflin; $8.95)

Not since Oedipus has a son so devastatingly slain his father without realizing what he has done. Alger Hiss, so we are told, leads a "pretty normal, ordinary life . . . . [he] goes for walks and sometimes to show biz parties. He has a little house in East Hampton, Long Island . . . he does some university lecturing, and he writes down the vintages and vineyards of bottles of wine he's enjoyed drinking in a notebook." Ordinary indeed.

It is a relief, I suppose, to traipse back to the late '40s and early '50s without plodding through the labyrinth of lapsed Trotskyites and nascent Stalinists, without the awesome face of Lillian Hellman admonishing us over the pumpkin patch, or Whittaker Chambers blubbering the sins of flabby morals into the eternal microphone. All that is absent, and in its place is a casual—one might say flaccid—account of the author's father as a quintessential patsy, a man immune to the darker interpretation of events, caught in a whirlwind of political eddies and intrigues beyond his naive capacity to understand them. Can one play the fool on the road through Hopkins and Harvard, while clerking for Holmes, laboring at the State Department, at Yalta, at the Carnegie Endowment? Perhaps. Personal inadequacy can be explained in many ways, and Tony Hiss offers a novel interpretation that, I trust, will send doctoral candidates scurrying back to the sources: "Al wasn't circumcised until he was seventeen, and when he was five and supposed to be taking a nap, he was playing with himself and his foreskin got caught behind the head of his penis, which was extremely painful . . . . Al didn't play with himself after that—one of the few real tragedies of his life."

The Elder Pitt by Stanley Ayling

(McKay; $14.95)

It is, perhaps, a measure of Pitt's genius that what is said of him by his admirers and detractors is equally true. An ambitious bully, imperial architect, helplessly mad, inspirational political leader he was, if nothing else, an unusual figure in 18th century political England, surrounded by languid Whigs and torpid Tories, a man of action and ideas, a combination of political clairvoyance and mastery of process. He bears—and this is a labored analogy—a resemblance to Winston Churchill, although he was unquestionably Churchill's intellectual superior. Both gathered reputations as Cassandras, by way of judgments that were ultimately

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vindicated; both possessed ideas that were at once prescient and workable, coupled with notions that were out of date; both were incomparable war leaders. Both, indeed, shared the affliction of depression, although Pitt's was psychotic and Churchill's fell far short of that, conveniently channeled into painting, writing and bricklaying.

Stanley Ayling is the author of a well-received life of George III, but *The Elder Pitt* is its biographical superior, if for no other reason than Pitt is a more interesting subject. The 18th century, as J. H. Plumb has shown, laid the foundation of modern England, economic as well as political. England emerged from its agricultural past into an industrial and mercantile giant, and that process was understood and husbanded only by some, of whom Pitt was among the discerning few. Ayling has produced what must be the standard modern life of that brilliant and complex man, a subtle and masterful weaving of the forces of politics and personality, of the dynamics of thought and society, which makes history the chronicle of ideas as well as action.

Philip Terzian

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TRB, *from page two*

than six out of 10 voted last year, the worst rate in the world except for Botswana, Chad and Yemen. Why is it? The facts are on record. It wasn't always this way. In the latter half of the 19th century voter turnout in US presidential elections ranged from 70 to 80 percent. But then the second-generation immigrants and the blacks wanted to vote. There was big city corruption. Stern restrictions on voter registration were imposed: ostensibly "reforms" but often with the idea of good old Roger Sherman that the masses were dangerous and should be restrained. Since 1900 we haven't seen a 70 percent turnout again. In 1972 only 55.4 percent voted; last November it was down to a shocking 53.3 percent.

Meanwhile up in Mondale's Minnesota they instituted registration so simple that a citizen can go to the polling place and show his identification and vote then and there. Minnesota had a 72 percent turnout in the last election, highest in the nation, and not a single charge of fraud was filed. Three or four other states have similar records.

Why not do it for the nation, asks Carter-Mondale? And why not have the federal government drop its passive role in registration? Other democratic governments defray the cost. Canadian registration officials make a door-to-door canvass and prepare ad hoc voting lists at a cost of about 70 cents a voter; it costs about $15 million and around 75 percent of the voters turn out.

How about abolishing the Electoral College with its winner-take-all provision in the states? In 1967 the American Bar Association commission called it "archaic, undemocratic, complex, ambiguous, indirect and dangerous." The ABA, US Chamber of Commerce, AFL-CIO, UAW, League of Women Voters—an extraordinary coalition—supported the direct vote plan, like Carter's. The House passed a proposed constitutional amendment, 339-to-70, in 1969. Then it stalled in a Senate filibuster. Surely now its time has come.

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Washington Diarist

Back to Reality

I went last week to see the four new larger-than life murals—each with nine full-sized figures in it—that the Department of Labor commissioned from Jack Beal, to represent the history of labor in this country. They are triumphs, the first such murals to be commissioned by the federal government since the days of the WPA in the New Deal. They are representational or figurative, whichever one likes to say, and that is a relief. For three decades the government, like private business, has commissioned abstract art of some kind. It would not have been inconceivable for an artist to dump a pile of railroad ties down in the lobby of the new Labor Department building, saying that it represented the sweat of labor on the railroad beds. Having seen Beal's huge and successful panels, I hope that Washington and the government have set a trend for more than themselves.

Good luck to the new leader of India. One of the difficulties of governing it is the difficulty of getting anything done. During the Indian-Pakistani war in 1965, the US State Department was so exasperated by its first real experience of dealing with the Indians that a story went the rounds in the Department about three Indian tortoises—one elderly, one middle-aged, and one young—going for a walk. After about two years it began to rain, so they went into a coffee shop to wait until the rain cleared. But after four years it was still raining, and the elderly tortoise asked the younger if he would go home to get their umbrellas. The young tortoise said that he would, as long as they did not finish his cup of coffee. Two more years elapsed, and the elderly tortoise said to his middle-aged companion: "I don't think he's going to come back, we may as well finish his coffee"; at which a small voice from the door responded, "If you do that, I won't go to get your umbrellas." As an Indian once said to me: "I'm going home to a country where to get a well built in a dry village needs half a century's discussion by gurus under a banyan tree."

The Jewish community in Washington deserves to be congratulated for keeping away from the protest march of the Jewish Defense League against the Hanafi terrorists. There is nothing attractive in a posse of black-helmeted Jews, armed with baseball bats as clubs, marching through the streets of the city. Altogether there were only about 250 demonstrators. It was 250 too many. Most of them came from New York, and the Jewish population of Washington honored its own cause in the best way: by its conspicuous absence.

Do the widespread victories of the left coalition in the municipal elections in France last week mean that the same coalition will sweep the elections to the National Assembly next year? A French journalist in Washington told me that he thinks it will. What he found most interesting was the increase in the left vote between the first round of the elections two weeks ago and the second round a week later: "When there is a surge like that, the people are saying that, after 19 years, they are ready for a change." One of the most remarkable features of the results is the renewed evidence of the vitality of the Socialist party, which gained far more than the Communist party. Socialists dominate the left coalition, and have been the real inspiration and instigators of the new discipline among the non-Communist left. "Socialist voters are now showing as much discipline as communist voters," said the Socialist party leader, Francois Mitterand, who has been primarily responsible for the extraordinary resurgence of his party. The effectiveness of this unity and this discipline is likely to be noticed by the democratic left here. When one remembers that the Socialist party in France gained only five percent of the vote five years ago, and won 30 percent last week, politics as the "art of the possible" begins to seem exciting.

Some traditions, which perhaps should never have been started, need to be stopped. This year's annual dinner of the Gridiron Club ought to be the last. This event consists of a number of journalists, whose work is rarely remarkable for its humor, ribbing a number of politicians, whose humor is remarkable mainly for its labor. It is not a performance that noticeably contributes to the gaiety of nations; or to anything else. Sen. S. I. Hayakawa this year slept through the sketch about him—the "Hallelujah" chorus had been changed into a "Hayakawa" chorus—and the Gridiron should take the hint from him and go to sleep itself. It is amazing that there were women who fought to get into this pantomime, and who attended this year as if they had won some famous victory. President Carter has stopped going to embassy dinners for visiting heads of state after he has already given them a state dinner the night before. He should refuse to go next year. That would stop it.

An English woman whom I have known for some years passed through Washington last week, and I was reminded of when her first husband died after a marriage which, to put it mildly, had not been remarkable for its warmth. When I and a friend once visited her in the village where she lived, and we all went for a walk, we suggested going into the churchyard to see her husband's grave. "Oh! if you want to," she replied. The grave was untended, of course, and overgrown with weeds. She looked at it quizzically and then, turning away, said: "But then David never did care much for gardening." I am glad to report that she is, at 70, as blithe a spirit as ever and wants to write a column—about gardening: "but about indoor plants, you know."

Another excursion last week, a sad one, was to a memorial service in the Bethlehem Chapel of the National Cathedral for a Washington journalist, Stephen Freeland of *US News & World Report*, who died recently of cancer. Not many readers of this column will have heard of Freeland, a journalist who, as John Midgley of the London *Economist* said in his valedictory address, "put his standards before his ambition, and his taste before his interests." He was not the kind of journalist that Robert Redford makes movies about. But the Freelands also are a part of Washington that is not to be found in the gossip columns or the novels about the city. There is so much decency in this town, as well as so varied a life—"so many extraordinary people who are doing extraordinary things," as a woman burst out at dinner the other night—that one gets fed up, I personally get annoyed, at the picture of it that is too often given.

H. F.

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Auto Emissions: Clearing the Air

Seven years ago this month, the United Auto Workers joined with environmental groups in sponsoring the largest, most peaceful demonstration in America's history.

It was called Earth Day.

Nearly 20 million Americans turned out to give momentum to the drive for a cleaner environment.

On almost every major environmental issue since then, the UAW has been in the forefront of the battle to protect the public health.

Take the Clean Air Act of 1970. The UAW helped lead the fight in the Congress for it, over the strong objections of the auto industry.

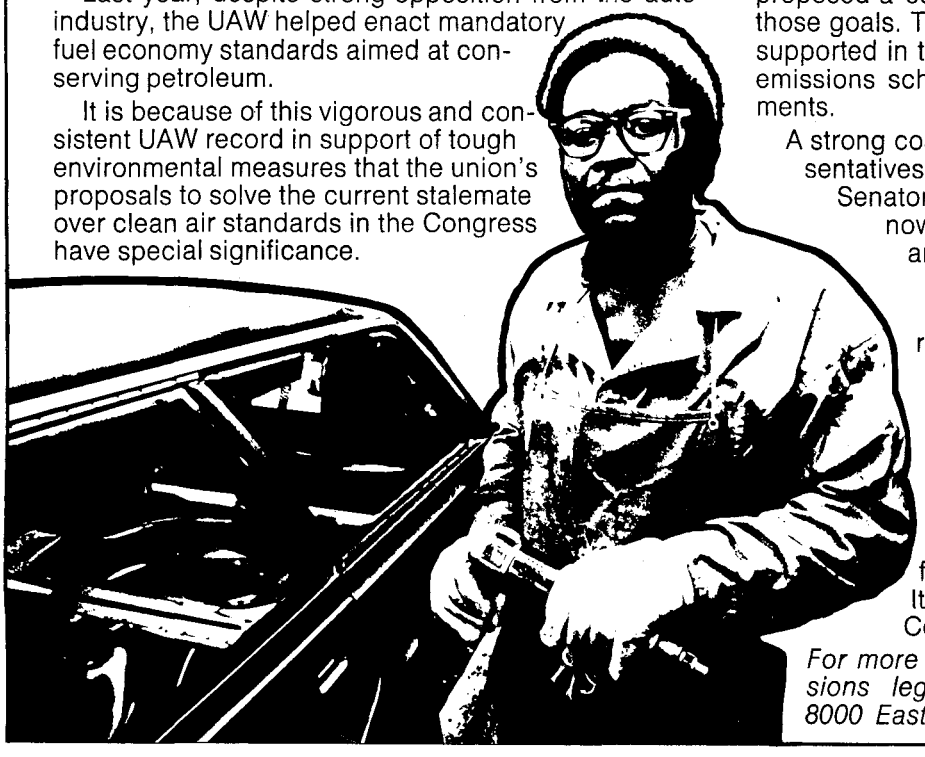
Or the 1972 water pollution control amendments. The UAW was a leader on Capitol Hill in pushing through tough limits on corporations polluting our waterways.

The UAW backed recycling legislation. It pushed tough pesticide regulations. It fought for a national land use policy. It opposed phosphate detergents and supported controls on strip mining.

More than half the UAW's 1.4 million members build cars and trucks, yet the UAW has been one of the strongest backers of mass transit proposals. The union has urged legislation that would allow allocation of the Highway Trust Fund to all forms of transportation.

Last year, despite strong opposition from the auto industry, the UAW helped enact mandatory fuel economy standards aimed at conserving petroleum.

It is because of this vigorous and consistent UAW record in support of tough environmental measures that the union's proposals to solve the current stalemate over clean air standards in the Congress have special significance.



The tougher emissions standards achieved in recent years have helped to halt the decline in air quality in many areas.

The UAW believes that progress must continue.

Yet today, an ugly confrontation is developing that could have a disastrous impact on that goal and severely harm the nation's economic recovery as well.

The auto companies recently have begun EPA testing of 1978 model cars based on standards approved last year by the U.S. Senate, House and conference committee. But these cars cannot be certified for production under present law because Congress was unable to resolve the issue last year.

The current crisis has been brought about in large part because the auto companies have so little credibility left with the public and Capitol Hill. Too often in the past, the Big 3 said they couldn't, when in fact they could.

The UAW—because of its concern for the public health and the jobs of its members—relied upon outside, independent expertise on the emissions question.

The union's goal was to develop standards that would protect the public health, help achieve greater fuel efficiency and impose demanding but attainable production innovations.

Last month, UAW President Leonard Woodcock proposed a compromise solution aimed at achieving those goals. This proposal is more stringent than that supported in the past by the Big 3, yet it modifies the emissions schedule on the basis of recent developments.

A strong coalition of legislators, led by U.S. Representatives John Dingell and James Broyhill and Senators Donald Riegle and Robert Griffin, now supports the UAW proposals, which are incorporated in House Bill 4444 and Senate Bill 919.

This legislation would maintain current restrictions now in effect on hydrocarbons, carbon monoxides and oxides of nitrogen through the 1979 model year and tighten them beginning in the 1980 model year and beyond. The UAW believes this legislation will protect the public health and achieve energy conservation through increased fuel efficiency.

It should be adopted quickly by the Congress.

For more detailed information on the auto emissions legislation write to: UAW, Room 919, 8000 East Jefferson, Detroit, Mi. 48214.

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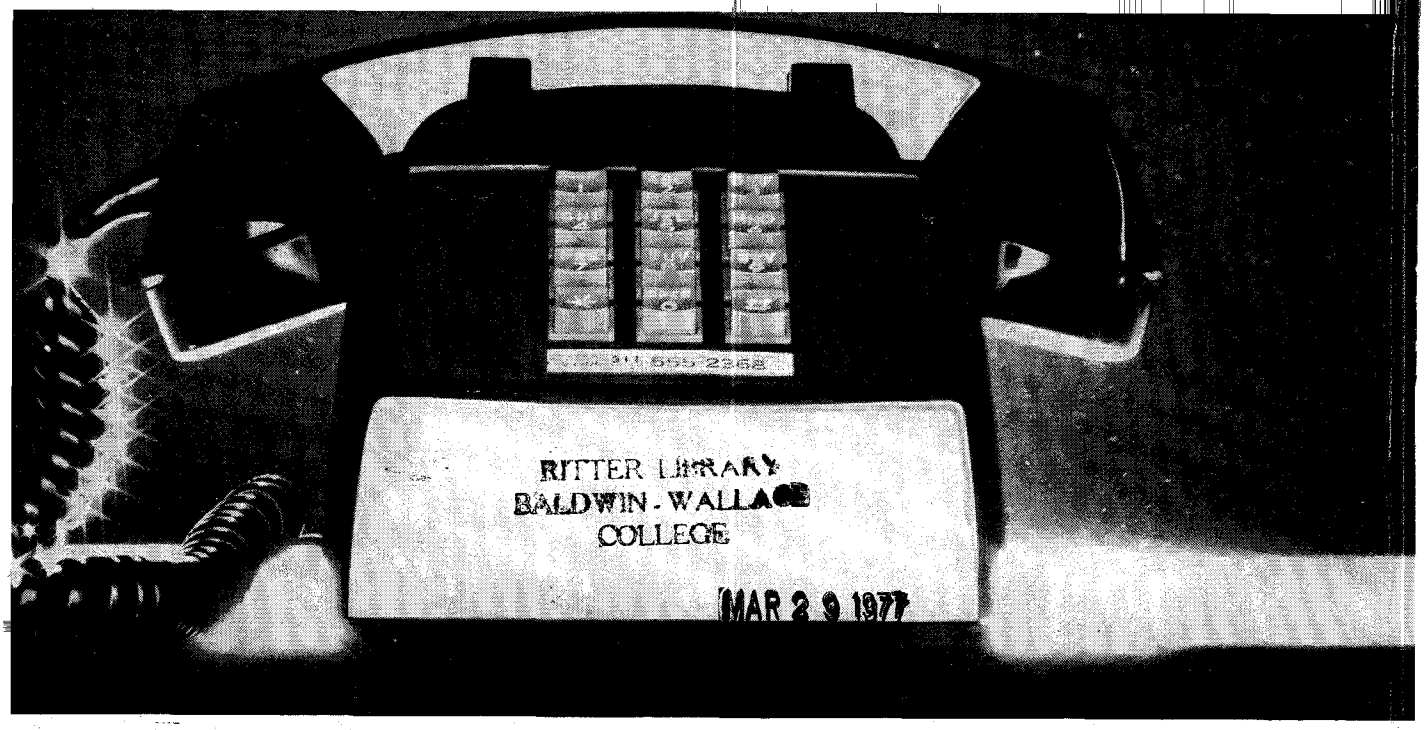

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Some might not have come at all.

A Complex Future.

Many future innovations will be even more complex, requiring even closer interaction.

As part of the Bell System, Western Electric and Bell Labs will continue to put technology to work for you.

So even if you can't afford the best of everything, you'll still be able to afford the best of something: The best telephone service on earth.

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